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LITERATURE.

Mohammed and Mohammedanism: Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1874.)

(First Notice.—MOHAMMAD.)

THE life and teaching of Mohammad will ever remain one of the most absorbing chapters in the world's history, and it need not be wondered that it has given rise to a very library of books. The older writers, who looked upon the phenomena of Mohammad's life as the result of the machinations of the devil, have given place (with one notable exception) to a new school, whose estimate, based upon the careful study of well-ascertained facts, is certainly far more favourable to Mohammad and more creditable to their own honesty and judgment. Yet these later writers differ greatly among themselves, not so much in facts as in inferences. Some go to the very opposite extreme to the mediaeval libellists, and make Mohammad an almost perfect ideal of what a great man should be. Others, who are more alive to the perplexing contradictions to be observed in the Prophet's career, are anxious to attribute these contradictions to cataleptic insanity. Others, again, while acknowledging the blemishes, nay the huge stains, upon the man's character, maintain that his noble enthusiasm for a sublime truth was unfeigned, and even his crimes were less than other men subjected to his temptations would have committed. To this last class we think we may now add a writer who has embodied in a small volume of lectures a view of Mohammad's life and doctrines perhaps more faithful and more just than any that has before been published. Mr. Bosworth Smith brings to his subject the broad catholic views which we might expect in a Harrow master. It is true he does not pretend to any original learning: to judge from his book, we should say he was quite unacquainted with Arabic. But in this subject there is not now much need of original research. Sprenger has collected almost everything that bears upon the question of Mohammad's character and teaching. What is wanted is exactly what Mr. Smith possesses—a clear judgment, unfettered by a too dogmatic form of religious belief, and free from the cynical distrust of humanity which Sprenger occasionally manifests. We have the facts of Mohammad's life, and minutely circumstantial these facts are. All that is needed is the mind that can see the true meaning of the facts and grasp the complex character of the great man whose life they mark out, like the stones of a grand but intricate mosaic.

The object of the lectures is clearly set forth in the preface. "They are an attempt . . . to render justice to what was great in Mohammed's character, and to what has

been good in Mohammed's influence on the world." Mr. Smith has spared no pains in his endeavour to carry out this object. He has evidently studied all the principal works bearing on the subject, and has even accomplished the task of reading the Kur-án consecutively through several times. We wish, however, to add to the list of works in the preface one which throws much light on the details of Mohammad's life, and still more on his teaching—we mean the *Mishkát el Masábih*, the only collection of traditions which has been translated into English.

The Lectures are four: Introductory; Mohammad; Mohammedanism; Mohammedanism and Christianity. The first lecture, though deeply interesting, we must pass over, in order to give our attention more fully to the second, on Mohammad. The third and fourth lectures we reserve for a second notice.

Mohammad may trust himself in the hands of this his newest exponent. Through all the long years that he has been before the world, the Arabian Prophet has rarely had a good word from a Christian. He has been "Antichrist," the "Arch-Impostor," and Heaven knows what; and the most earnest upholders of Christianity (or a form of it) in the East have vied in abuse or contemptuous pity of the founder of a religion which they deemed—*sancta simplicitas*!—diametrically opposed to their own. It is sad to contrast this well-meant but self-destructive abuse with the respect which a Muslim feels for *Seyyidnâ 'I'sâ*, "our Lord Jesus, on whom be peace." Many years ago a Jew of Constantinople gave in his adhesion to the religion of Mohammad; and, thinking to ingratiate himself with the Muslims, began to blaspheme Christ. The impression produced was the reverse of what he had intended, and his head was immediately struck off. This act of summary retribution made a profound impression on the few Christians to whose knowledge it came; and it forms a golden link in the chain which binds Christians and Muslims together, and which was begun when Mohammad said, "*Say unto the People of the Scripture, Our God and your God is One.*"

A strangely-mixed character, this of Mohammad! And yet not strange; for what great character, with One solitary exception, is not mixed? If we would understand the life of this Son of the Desert, we must not start with the idea of a perfect man, still less of a consummate impostor: we must expect a man with everything on a giant scale—great and noble qualities, and overwhelming vices. As we have said, we think Mr. Bosworth Smith's estimate of Mohammad is a true one: the only fault we have to find is that he perhaps too much extenuates the sins of the Medineh-phase of the Prophet's life. But this opinion needs some explanation.

Mohammad was a man whose whole soul was filled with a sublime idea, the Unity of God. He found himself in the midst of idolators, fetish-worshippers, wrangling Jews, and tritheistic Christians. Amidst all this corruption, he stood forth and preached the Unity of God, and the absolute resignation to Him of the wills of all men. He was supported by a few who, alone of all the

land, had kept their religion undefiled; who, indeed, were Mohammads without Mohammad's indomitable will and unquenchable enthusiasm for his cause, but for which that cause must have died. But the mass hooted him; his tribe laughed him to scorn. We cannot look upon him in his early days and say, This was an impostor. His was a nervous, excitable temperament, susceptible to influences too delicate for other men to feel. The fits to which he was subject bear witness to his highly-wrought constitution; and though we would not seek for an explanation of his mental phenomena in "cataleptic insanity," we yet think that the state of nervous excitement of which these fits were the outcome is the key to much of the "supernatural" in Mohammad. It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that this weird man, wandering alone in the desert, should see things which men are not wont to see. It needs no imposture-theory to explain his distinct assertions of having seen visions, which he thought realities. *He did see them*: but they were the subjective creations of his own mind. His terror at the first vision showed it was no invention. In the early years at Mekkeh where was the motive for deception? A persecuted man, with a few friends whom he could count on the fingers of his right hand! The laughing-stock of his tribe—in danger of his life—on what conceivable grounds can we believe him to have carried on a designed series of frauds?

We hold, then, with Mr. Bosworth Smith, that during the early years of his mission Mohammad was an earnest enthusiast,—and we do not use this term disparagingly, for it is enthusiasm that keeps the earth from stinking,—and that he behaved nobly through those long years of persecution and failure. It would, perhaps, have been well for his memory if he had died in the cave of Thór, ending his life with one of his grandest utterances. Had he then died, we should never have had the sorrow of recording the many sins of his later years; and from first to last Mohammad would have been a splendid hero. But had he then died, the world would never have known him; his great thoughts would have perished with him; and El-Islám would never have been.

We have seen the reformer struggling against untold hindrances at Mekkeh. But how was it with him after the Flight, when he had at last found sympathy and support at El-Medineh? We must for a moment glance at the Prophet in his kingship, though it is a gloomy task. Still, let us remember that his sins were all of one kind. They lie on one ground. He was not cruel or implacable: he was no Napoleon. Speaking of his triumphant entry into Mekkeh, Mr. Smith says:—

"If ever he had worn the mask at all, he would now at all events have thrown it off; if lower aims had gradually sapped the higher, or his moderation had been directed, as Gibbon supposes, by his selfish interests, we should now have seen the effect; now would have been the moment to gratify his ambition, to satiate his lust, to glut his revenge. Is there anything of the kind? Read the account of the entry of Mohammad into Mecca side by side with that of Marius or Sulla into Rome. Compare all the attendant

circumstances, the outrages that preceded, and the use made by each of his recovered power, and we shall then be in a position better to appreciate the magnanimity and moderation of the Prophet of Arabia. There were no proscription lists, no plunder, no wanton revenge" (p. 94).

With the exception of one or two instances of needless severity, Mohammad's career was unsullied by the least taint of cruelty; and his treatment of his servants and of the lower animals shows him to have been a man to whom kindness and tenderness were natural, and cruelty foreign. Nor can we accuse him of a weak love of vainglory and pomp. His life was ever of the simplest, and he never lorded it over his followers. He has been accused of intense conceit; but except in the great stress which he laid on his mission or his high rank as a messenger of God, we confess we cannot see the grounds of the accusation. Many a tradition bears good witness to the contrary; and we wish we had room to quote but a few, if by so doing we could convince others as firmly as we ourselves are convinced of the utter absence of conceit and pretentiousness in Mohammad. No: the Arabian Apostle was not cruel, not conceited. As we have said, his sins lie on one ground, and that ground is sensuality. The subject is one which cannot fitly be discussed here; but the facts are indisputable. He took to himself more wives than he allowed to his followers; he induced his freedman and adopted son Zeyd to divorce his wife Zeyneb in order that he himself might marry her; and, worst of all, he made God his abettor, if not instigator, in all these things. This is the one great blot, and all the penknives of all the apologists will never erase it. If indeed we compare Mohammad's crime with David's, it must be confessed that the matter of Zeyneb was in itself far less criminal than the case of Bathsheba; for the husband, Zeyd, appears to have been an accomplice, and certainly was not made away with. But then David acknowledged his sin and repented, whilst Mohammad brings down a Súrah from God to justify his conduct. It is this that makes Mohammad's crime so black.

No: much as we wish, we cannot redeem the Arab Prophet from the charge of sensuality; but we insist that it was his *one* vice, in the indulgence of which he went even to the length of forging the high Name which he revered so deeply.

Mr. Bosworth Smith, whilst admitting the sensuality of Mohammad, yet seeks to exculpate him from the charge of defending himself by imposture. And it is true that there are strong arguments for his sincerity,—strongest of all his fervent faith in God and in his mission, which remained unshaken to the last. Mr. Smith brings much forcible reasoning to the aid of the Prophet, and we cannot do better than quote his words:—

"The change in his character and aims is not to be separated from the general conditions of his life. At first he was a religious and moral reformer only, and could not, even if he would, have met the evils of his time by any other than by moral means. . . . A religion militant is, as all ecclesiastical history shows, very different from a religion triumphant. The Prophet, in spite of himself, became, by the force of circumstances, more than a prophet. Not, indeed, that with him height ever begot high thoughts. He preserved

to the end of his career that modesty and simplicity of life which is the crowning beauty of his character; but he became a temporal ruler, and, where the Koran did not make its way unaided, the civil magistrate naturally used temporal means. Under such circumstances, and when his followers pressed upon him their belief in the nature of his mission, who can draw the line where enthusiasm ends, and self-deception or even imposture begins? No one who knows human nature will deny that the two are often perfectly consistent with each other. Once persuaded fully of his divine mission as a whole, a man unconsciously begins to invest his personal fancies and desires with a like sanction: it is not that he tampers with his conscience; he rather subjects conscience and reason, appetite and affection, to the one predominating influence; and so, as time goes on, with perfect good faith gets to confound what comes from below with what comes from above. . . . No man, whether prophet, statesman, or popular preacher, ever yet kept a prolonged hold over a mixed multitude without being in some measure degraded thereby. His teaching or his life must be accommodated to the average wants of his hearers, and not to his own finest insight" (pp. 90-92).

We should be thankful if Mr. Smith's argument, of which we have quoted but a fragment, had convinced us of Mohammad's sincerity in those clouded latter years; but we do not think it possible to vindicate the Prophet from the charge of what must at least be called forcing his conscience. Yet we can close our very inadequate notice of this most interesting, most eloquent lecture with the noble words of George Eliot:—

"It was the fashion of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say—the victim is spotted, but it is not therefore in vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar of men's highest hopes."

STANLEY LANE POOLE.

The Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan. In Three Volumes. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.)

THE task which Mr. Robert Buchanan has undertaken in these three volumes is not by any means light of its own nature, nor is it one to be lightly judged; for he has in no wise contented himself with a mere reprint of his poetical productions, or of such as he chose to reproduce. On the contrary, the work before us is of a far more ambitious cast. Mr. Buchanan has arranged his selected poems on an entirely new model; has given them, in many cases, new headings; and by dint of introductory verses, connecting links, mottoes, and the like means, has done his best to induce us to believe that the whole work possesses an inward as well as an outward unity, and is to be regarded as possessing a peculiar and quite extraordinary value on that account. He tells us in so many words that part of it at least might be called "The Book of Robert Buchanan," and he allows us to see pretty clearly that he intends the whole to be regarded in very much the same light. It is quite obvious that a proceeding of this kind is open to very serious objection. It is, to begin with, improbable that any arrangement of the kind will be more than approximately true; it is certain that it would be in any case better left to the

reader, and it is above all things objectionable, in that it introduces foreign matter into the region of things poetical, and tends to remove the work with which it deals from the operation of the one question of true poetical criticism, the question stated forty years ago by Victor Hugo, "L'ouvrage est-il bon ou est-il mauvais?"

That we may not fall into the same error with Mr. Robert Buchanan, it is necessary, in the first place, to consider what it is that he has thus placed before us, and in so doing it is convenient to adopt his own divisions. Of these there are some eight or nine. The first, "Ballads and Romances," consists of poems mainly classical or romantic in subject. In this, as in most of his other sections, Mr. Buchanan's principle of classification obliges him to neglect the one sound basis of arrangement—chronological order. But the result has this one merit, that it exhibits the author at his best and at his worst, and enables the reader to form at the very outset a pretty fair notion of what he has to expect. "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot," which stands second in the volume, is, we do not hesitate to assert, the high-water mark of Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetical performance. He has never done anything better, and he has very seldom done anything so good. It would not be fair to object that the subject is an unusually promising one, and unusually easy to treat, for it is possible to spoil the very best of subjects—how possible only the painful critic knows; and there is no spoiling in these verses:—

"The Bridegroom stood in the open door
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow
Before it touched the ground
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in and fell at his feet.

'The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!'"

Nothing more effective than the monosyllabic feet in the line we have italicised could have been devised. But unfortunately the remaining poems of the section are very far inferior to this. With the exception of "Pan," which is really powerful and well written, there is hardly one of them which is not below mediocrity, and some are positively bad. The worst is perhaps "The Ballad of Persephone;" it is written in a style more ornamented and ambitious than Mr. Buchanan usually affects, and can only render its readers thankful that there is so little of it. A schoolboy of sixteen might very excusably write verses like the following; but there could hardly be an excuse for his republishing them:—

"One sunbeam swift with sickly flare
On white arms waving high did gleam,
What time she shriek'd, and the strong stream
Leapt up and grasped her by the hair.

And all was dark. With wild heads bowed
The forests murmur'd, and black cloud
Split spumy on the mountain-tops with fire and
portent loud!"

But the poems of this section are to be taken as illustrating only a casual phase of the grand subject, Mr. Robert Buchanan's mind. The division which follows, and which includes the greater part of the first two volumes, represents the matter on which he permanently occupies himself. These *Ballads and Poems of Life* are occupied almost exclusively with subjects drawn from contemporary low life, from the fortunes of Scottish peasantry, or of the haunters of London streets and alleys. Within these limits their range both of subject and merit is pretty wide. Many of them are little more than faint Tennysonian echoes of the "Dora" class, and of exceedingly little value from any point of view. Of these the "Scath o' Bartle" is decidedly the best. Some of the shorter pieces, more lyrical in form, are good; such as the "Starling," and "The Wake of Tim O'Hara." The longest and most ambitious piece in the collection is "Meg Blane." It constitutes, with two London pieces, "Nell" and "Liz," the main strength of Mr. Buchanan's attack. The heroine—neither maid, widow, nor wife—dwells alone on the wild Scottish shore with her idiot son, supporting herself by fishing, active in storm and wreck, and always with a mixture of hope and fear looking, among the sailors whom fair or foul weather brings to the coast, for the father of her child. In the one waif saved, mainly by her energy, from a wreck, she finds him—only to discover that he is married and lost to her. They part with no violent demonstrations, but her heart is broken, and she dies ere long. This fable is a good one, and many readers, we doubt not, have been, and will be attracted by the so-called realism of the descriptions, the splash and spume of the storm, the interpersions of piety, and the just and never-failing pathos of a collapsed ideal. All these attractions—attractive as they are to the matter mainly—we freely grant to "Meg Blane," but there our praise must stop. The fisher-hut, Meg Blane herself, her idiot son, her thoughts and ways, which a master would have given us in a few strong lines, adapted and adequate to the subject, are treated with endless fluency, so as to render quotation impossible. The storm, greatly as it intends, is full of false notes, and the metres, especially those of the first and fourth part, which consist of irregular choric stanzas, give evidence of Mr. Buchanan's deplorable insensibility to rhythm and harmony. The author explains his attitude with regard to the poems of this section clearly enough in an *Envoi* with which he closes his first volume. We may give two stanzas of it without comment for the present:—

"I do not sing for Schoolboys or Schoolmen.
To give them ease I have no languid theme,
When weary with the wear of book and pen,
They seek their trim poetic Academe;
Nor can I sing them amorous ditties, bred
Of too much Ovid on an empty head.
I do not sing aloud in measured tone
Of those fair paths the easy-soul'd pursue;
Nor do I sing for Lazarus alone,

I sing for Dives and the Devil too.
Ah! would the feeble song I sing might swell
As high as Heaven, and as deep as Hell!"

The remainder of the second volume is occupied by pieces entitled "Lyrical Poems," which consist chiefly of *juvenilia*, and can only, we should imagine, be introduced with the intention of relieving the serious matter of the preceding section. "Songs of the Terrible Year" follow, one of which, the "Apotheosis of the Sword," is good, and deserves to be quoted in part:—

"Then the children of men, young and old
Sat by the waters of gold,
And ate of the bread and the fruit,
And drank of the stream, but made suit
For blessing no more than the brute.
And God said, 'Twere better to die
Than eat and drink merely, and lie
Beast-like and foul on the sod
Lusting, forgetful of God!
And he whispered, 'Dig deeper again
Under the region of grain,
And bring forth the thing ye find there
Shapeless and dark; and prepare
Fire—and into the same
Cast what ye find—let it flame—
And when it is burning blood-bright,
Pluck it forth, and with hammers of might
Beat it out, beat it out, till ye mark
The thing that was shapeless and dark
Grown beautiful, azure, and sheen,
Purged in the fire and made clean,
Beautiful, holy, and bright,
Gleaming aloft in the light.
Then lift it, and wield!' said the Lord.

Choir.

Hark to the Song of the Sword!"

The volume closes with a series of sonnets placed to do duty as *Envoi*, but not now first published. We are glad to see, however, that one of their number, a woful ballad addressed to Mr. Browning's beard, has been suppressed.

In the third volume the fullest and latest development of Mr. Robert Buchanan's mind is unfolded. It begins with certain sonnets "written by Loch Coruisk" and containing the expression of a vague dissatisfaction with existing mundane arrangements. Then follows the "Book of Orm," wherein, as most persons who are likely to study these volumes are probably aware, its author's views on things in general are revealed in a series of visions. And last of all are placed "Political Mystics," poems various in form, but more or less agreeing in subject, and of singularly unsuccessful execution. As an appendix and key to the whole, Mr. Buchanan has subjoined a prose disquisition on something which he terms "Mystic Realism," and a couple of eulogistic reviews of the "Book of Orm" from the *Nonconformist* and the *Spectator*.

We have thus endeavoured to give an account, fair, complete, and tolerably sober and serious, of this very singular publication. No one who has not read it can appreciate the difficulty of keeping one's countenance during the process of perusal and review. Mr. Robert Buchanan is generally pretty much of an egotist, and we were prepared for a good deal of the personal pronoun. But the pitch to which his egotism has risen in these volumes is really something sublime. In the first place, the whole plan and conception of the work starts from the notion that every thought and idea which has passed through Mr. Buchanan's mind

is, of its own nature, important to the general welfare of the world. The intrinsic worth of the production matters not all—"puisque cochoonnerie il y a, quand le Grand Lama a fait sa cochoonnerie," why there is nothing left for an admiring public but to register the date of its arrival, and then receive it with adoration. No doubt the growth of a poet's mind is a very interesting fact in natural history; so is the growth of a periwinkle; but it appears to us that unless the poet's mind has produced good poetry, the history of its growth may as well be left untold.

Mr. Buchanan's "Mystic Realism" seems to resolve itself into a mysticism which is not at all real, and a realism which is not at all mystical. The former is displayed somewhat fully in the "Cornishen Sonnets" and the "Book of Orm." Vague aspirations and vaguer complaints, couched in language which is certainly misty if it be not mystical, always seem to command a certain audience, and to readers of this class Mr. Buchanan's work will doubtless be welcome. Perhaps it is because we are Saxon, and therefore "innocent of soul," that we fail to see the beauty or the rarity of it. Nothing is commoner in half-educated persons of variable temperament than the mood of hysterical exaltation and admiration at things in general which Mr. Buchanan seems to esteem so highly and consider such a special privilege. And though we are far indeed from considering ourselves worthy to be the spokesmen of that culture which our author so bitterly assails, we will venture to suggest to him two of the benefits which men of culture generally experience. In the first place, they are very cautious of mistaking muddled thought and casual impulses for profound philosophy and genuine inspiration; and, in the second, they are usually too conversant with good work to venture upon producing that which is bad.

As to Mr. Buchanan's idyllic work, we have less fault to find with his choice of subjects, but far more with his manner of handling them. He has, we think, fallen into the mistake, very common nowadays, of supposing that because a subject happens to be what would once have been deemed unpoetical, it must be good, and that any treatment of it however careless will do. This error is wont gradually and unconsciously to increase, till the subject alone comes to be thought of importance, and the treatment is left out of sight altogether. So that we are left in worse case than were our great-grandfathers; for the most sapless weakling of the school of Pope was bound to conform to certain rules and to come up to a certain standard, while the modern laureates of hangmen and prostitutes, of British deans and British matrons, are indulged in almost any amount of slipshod slovenliness, in virtue of the audacity or the morality, as the case may be, of their subject-matter. Now this is beyond all question utterly wrong. No doubt the arbitrary branding of certain subjects as poetical, and of certain others as unpoetical is quite unjustifiable; we will go further: we believe that all subjects without exception are admissible as subjects. To him who can make poetry out of them they are poetical; if any seem hope-

lessly intractable, the only conclusion to be drawn is that the right man has not yet tried his hand. But on the other hand a poet is to be valued, not because of his choice of subjects, but because of his treatment of the subject chosen. On Parnassus, as elsewhere, there are many mansions; they are open as well to poets who treat easy and commonplace subjects well, such as Cowper and Bryant, as to those who reconcile their readers to their choice of subjects repulsive and unfamiliar, like the author of *Songs before Sunrise*. But no such mansion will open to the singer who pleads the difficulties or the merits or the novelty of his subject in extenuation of the insufficiency or the inaccuracy of his treatment and his execution.

To such a plea Mr. Buchanan must in the end be reduced. Not only does his work abound in glaring violations of the simplest rules of language—in such deformities as “thou became,” “he didst,” “prone upon his back,” and the like: not only are his rhymes harsh and his metres ungainly, but he fails entirely in the higher and more general excellences of poetical expression. No poet of equal power known to us is less quotable, or has produced work less apt to stick in the memory. His mistiness of thought, joined to a fatal fluency which never stops to think twice, to point, correct, complete, or cancel an expression, renders his poems all but barren of jewels whether they be five or fifty words long. This combination of mistiness with fluency accounts for, if it does not excuse the total absence of any sign of revision in Mr. Buchanan's reprinted pieces. It would be in most cases impossible to revise without rewriting them. Consequently, though Mr. Buchanan has in some places not spared the knife, he has omitted the necessary accompaniment of the file. And when the knife is used without the file, the effect is generally to dispose the reader to take up something very like the position of Wordsworth's “wiser mind.” We are not at all disposed to mourn for what Mr. Buchanan has taken away, but we cannot help mourning very much for what he has left behind.

It is no light charge to bring against a poet, that he has forgotten entirely that he is, or ought to be, above all things an artist. But this is exactly what Mr. Robert Buchanan has done. In his hurry to be prophet, seer, politician, city missionary, and what not, he has neglected—in fact, he has wilfully despised—the art which nevertheless he professes. No doubt there is in his work plenty of that vague and delusive quality which is sometimes called power and sometimes promise. But in matters poetical, and above all in poems deliberately and systematically reproduced, we expect performance, not promise. With due study and due repression Mr. Buchanan might have turned out something not wholly worthless. But he has preferred, for some fifteen years, to clothe his crude thoughts in cruder language without hesitation or reflection, and now we fear that it will take more than his own immeasurable self-confidence, and more than the unintelligent laudations of certain critics, to make of him a great, or even a tolerable poet.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers. By John Hosack, Barrister-at-law. Vol. II. Second Edition. (London and Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1874.)

MR. HOSACK, having completed the investigation into the guilt or innocence of Mary with respect to the crimes laid to her charge at the Conferences held at York and Westminster, carries the narrative of her life down to the final catastrophe of her execution at Fotheringay, in 1587, in the present volume. He also gives a clear and interesting account of such contemporary events on the continent as have any bearing or influence on the affairs of the Queen of Scots. He handles his subject with as much impartiality as it will admit, and points out with great ability and care the errors into which certain other writers have inadvertently fallen. The volume commences with an account of the negotiations at Chatsworth for the restoration of Mary to some portion of her authority in Scotland. The recent rebellions in the north, though unsuccessful, and the earnest remonstrances of the French Court, had shown to Elizabeth the great danger in which she stood by the detention of her rival, and she would have been only too glad to have got rid of her unwelcome guest, if she could have done so in any manner compatible with her own safety. Mr. Hosack therefore attributes the failure of these negotiations to the machinations of Burghley and his colleagues, who dreaded greatly any change whereby Mary's prospect of succession to the English throne might be increased, and their own title to the estates which they had acquired during the recent changes imperilled. At the same time he is hardly correct in his statement that the project of a match between the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Anjou was a pure fiction of Walsingham. A despatch from the latter to Burghley, October 8, 1571, preserved in the Record Office, contains the portion of a letter from the Cardinal Pellevé, mentioning the great dislike that Monsieur had to the proposed marriage with Queen Elizabeth, and the great hope of one with the Queen of Scots. In addition to this the Catholic party in France were seriously alarmed at the prospect of the English alliance, and by making the grossest charges against the private character of Elizabeth, sought to disgust Anjou with the match; and at the same time, in order that his schemes of ambition might not be too rudely dispelled, insisted on the superior title to the Crown of England possessed by Mary. The failure of these negotiations was followed by others, having for their object the disposal of Mary by handing her over to her rebellious subjects, with the express understanding that she should immediately be put to death, which was only prevented by the unexpected death of the Regent Mar. The letters of Henry Killigrew, which are given at length in the Appendix, contain a full account of the different steps taken in this transaction. He had been despatched by Burghley with instructions to make careful overtures to Knox and Morton, before arriving at a definite understanding in the matter. With neither does he appear to have had the slightest difficulty; the veteran Reformer, sick as he was, immediately brightened up,

and expended almost his last breath in counselling and exhorting his fellow-subjects to murder their sovereign, whilst Morton engaged that on certain conditions the royal captive should be put to death within three hours of her arrival in Scotland. The account of the obscure intrigues in which Morgan and Parry were engaged will be read with interest, and the author does not hesitate to hint that means were used to cause the latter to make most damnable confessions, which were used for his destruction, in the fear that afterwards he might make retraction. By far the most important portion of the book is that relating to Babington's conspiracy. Mr. Hosack has gone with the greatest care through all the evidence connecting Mary with the plot, and whilst admitting her complicity in the design for the invasion of England, and obtaining her own liberty, makes out a very good case for believing her innocent of consenting to the proposed murder of her rival. He traces out the conspiracy from its commencement, and assigns with considerable probability its origin to Gilbert Giffard, an apostate Catholic, and one of Walsingham's spies, and gives a curious account of the whole web of treachery spun by Walsingham and his colleagues for the purpose of involving Mary in the penalties set forth in the Bond of Association for the preservation of the life of Elizabeth.

Mr. Hosack charges Walsingham not only with being the originator of the plot, but, after showing how all Mary's correspondence passed through his hands, accuses him of having forged and interpolated such passages in her letter to Babington as connected her with the scheme against the person of Elizabeth, and points out certain contradictions with the rest of the letter, which would be incomprehensible if the alleged interpolated portions were genuine. The evidence against Mary is further weakened and rendered more untrustworthy by placing the characters of Elizabeth and her advisers in the most odious light. The account of the negotiations with Philip of Spain for the surrender into his hands of the cautionary towns entrusted to the custody of Elizabeth by the Dutch as a guarantee for the repayment of the money advanced by her, is sufficient to stamp the memories both of the Queen and her chief councillor Burghley with lasting infamy. Mr. Hosack does not forget to mention the attempt on the part of Elizabeth to induce Sir Amias Paulet to dispose of her rival by private assassination, and so save her from any further trouble—and her loudly-expressed annoyance on finding her design thwarted by the conscientious scruples or astuteness of that gentleman. The tendency, however, throughout the volume is to throw most of the blame upon her advisers rather than on the Queen herself, for whose character for decision and ability the author entertains a very poor opinion. Her desire that some kind of torture more horrible than the law allowed might be devised for the punishment of Babington and his accomplices, which is not usually mentioned by her favourers, is rather strongly commented upon by Mr. Hosack, as is also her vacillation when the time actually arrived for her to get rid of her rival, and her per-

fidious efforts to thrust the responsibility on the shoulders of others.

The reader of the history of this period cannot fail to perceive that very shortly after the commencement of Mary's captivity the necessity for her destruction had become an article of faith with most of the politicians who had taken the cause of the Reformation as their basis of action. It was soon manifest, owing to the aggressive attempts of the Papacy to recover its lost supremacy in Britain, and the ambitious schemes of the Houses of Spain and France, that her liberty was incompatible with the security of Protestantism, whilst, owing to the Catholic reaction in England, her retention in captivity was almost equally dangerous. The uncertainty and insecurity caused by the constant plots produced by this state of affairs must have been almost unendurable; and it does not require much sagacity to understand that with men like Burghley and his colleagues slight scruples would be felt as to the means of bringing about the sole solution of the difficulty.

The awkward position in which the English Government stood with respect to their unfortunate captive was perfectly well understood on the continent; and as early as the commencement of this volume, during the negotiations for the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, Charles IX., when speaking of the Queen of Scots, had very significantly remarked that if he had been in Elizabeth's place he would have known what to do. With the ignorant and fanatical preachers of the reformed doctrines, both in Scotland and in England, howling for her blood, and the existence of dangerous and widespread conspiracies both at home and abroad, having for their aim the overthrow of the Government and the subversion of the present order of things, even if Mary had been innocent of every charge, the political exigencies of the times were such that her destruction sooner or later was inevitable. It is these facts, joined with the character of her accusers, which form the strongest claims of Mary to favourable consideration, and it is on them that her apologies must mainly depend.

In conclusion, Mr. Hosack having taken up his subject in a spirit of fairness, and used great care and research in the admission of his facts, has produced one of the ablest and most successful defences of Mary Queen of Scots which has yet appeared.

It is of course unnecessary to mention that Mr. Hosack entirely dissents from Mr. Froude's deductions; but it may not be out of place to point out a few passages where he joins issue on matters of fact, and has apparently the best of the argument. Space forbids giving the passages *in extenso*, but the reader will find some of them at pp. 288, 390, 493.

ALLAN J. CROSBY.

Slavonic Fairy Tales. Collected and translated from the Russian, Polish, Servian, and Bohemian. By John T. Naaké, of the British Museum. With Four Illustrations. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.)

THE West Slavonian folk-tales still remain to be properly edited. In Russia great pains have been taken to place upon record

the legendary lore which in many parts of the country is fast dying out of the memories of the people; Servia was fortunate enough early to produce an enthusiastic collector of its songs and stories, Vuk Stefanovich Karajich; and Bosnia has quite recently put forth a collection of its popular tales, made by the Bosnian theological students at the College of Dyakovo, in Croatia. But the tales of Poland, Bohemia, and Moravia, and those specially belonging to the Wends of Lusatia, have as yet attracted little scientific attention. Various collections have been made, it is true, but they have never been methodical, they have not always been trustworthy. To many of the Polish and Bohemian legends an artificial splendour has now and then been added by means of literary gilding; the raw material supplied by rustic hands has been sometimes submitted by culture to a culinary process for which earnest story-comparers are by no means grateful. Still many genuine stories have been brought together in various collections, for a knowledge of which most scholars have hitherto been indebted mainly to Wenzig's excellent *Westlawischer Märchenschatz*. English readers now have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with eleven Polish and eight Bohemian stories, as well as with eight Russian and thirteen Servian, in Mr. Naaké's modest but serviceable collection of *Slavonic Fairy Tales*. Its contents are, as a general rule, well chosen, and they are translated with a fidelity which deserves cordial praise.

The Russian stories contained in the present volume are not very good specimens of their class. The "Snow-Child" is not a folk-tale, but a literary man's (or woman's) imitation of one. In genuine folk-tales it is not uncommon to find a babe developed, for the solace of childless parents, out of a pea, or a twig, or an egg, or the like. But a child made of snow, whose eyes "looked like two forget-me-nots," and who eventually "melted away and changed in an instant into a beautiful white cloud, rose up, and disappeared in the sky for ever," belongs not to the peasant's hut, but to the romancer's study. The "Story of Gol Voyansky" is a "chap-book" version of the well-known tale in which a killer of flies first pretends to be a hero, and then performs, or at least appears to perform, heroic feats. The gallant warriors who keep him company belong to the band of heroes who figure in the Russian *bylinas* or metrical romances, on which the compilers of the Russian equivalents for our chap-books have freely drawn. One of them, Ernsan Lazarevich, has been clearly identified with the Persian Rustem. The story of "Vasilisa with the Golden Tress," who is saved from an abducting dragon by her brother "Ivan the Pea," is a better specimen; but its chap-book origin is clearly proved by the fact—among others—that the double operation requisite for the resuscitation of a dead hero is slurred over in it, whereas great stress is always laid upon its two-fold nature in the genuine folk-tales. The same test may be safely applied to the story of "Little Simpleton," which, like that of "Ivan Kruchina," is a medley of various episodes taken from a number of independent

tales. The "Book of Magic" is in all probability a Western story of witchcraft which has made its way into Russia, and then become turned into a "soldier story." The legends of "Spirit Treasures" are curious if they can be relied upon, but the similarity between the cat which "crumbled into gold pieces," or the spectre which "crumbled into old copper money," and the well-known "gold men" of Buddhist moral fiction, is too close to be free from suspicion.

Some of the Polish stories bear manifest signs of literary handicraft. A belief in the malignity of an "evil eye" may exist in Poland, though it certainly does not flourish in any Slavonic land as it does in the South of Europe; but it could never have given rise, in a peasant's mind, to such a piling up of horrors as is exhibited by Wojcicki's story, of which a translation has been given by Mr. Naaké. There exists, it may be remarked, a German translation of Lewestam of Wojcicki's collection, but it is rare and little known. According to the story in question, a Polish gentleman had such evil eyes that all was blighted at which he looked, and so he was obliged to pass most of his time in regarding a bundle of pea-straw—that product of nature being comparatively insensible to bad looks. At last, however, he fell in love and married. After a time his wife began to wither under his too ardent gaze. In vain did he request her to extract his eyes, so he determined that he would by his own hands deprive himself of the power of blighting his expected babe. "Soon afterwards two cries, unlike in their sound, were heard in the house. The one—the joyful cry of a newborn infant, as it first saw the light; the other—the agonised cry of a man, the infant's father, as he parted with sight for ever! His eyes, glittering like two diamonds, lay on the ground by the side of a blood-stained knife." After this his life was everything he could wish. But an inquisitive servant, who knew what had taken place, one day, unfortunately for himself, dug up his master's eyes. "Suddenly they glared upon him like two live coals. As soon as their baneful light shone upon his wrinkled face, the old man shivered, fell down, and died." This sort of romancing is quite in the *Castle of Otranto* vein, and may please some minds more than the cruder monstrosities which occur in unmanipulated folk-tales.

Another of the Polish stories, that of the "Hare's Heart," is founded upon a genuine superstition, but it has been manifestly elaborated. The notion that a man's courage is subtly connected with his material heart is common to many peoples; among some of whom it is or was a common practice for a warrior to fortify or encourage himself by feeding upon the heart of a conquered bear or foeman. In the Polish story a converse operation is performed. A brave man's heart is extracted and a hare's put in its place. From that time forward he was far worse than chicken-hearted. So timid did he become that when, one day, a swallow which was flying past struck him on the head with its wing, "the blow was fatal the poor knight fell down as if struck by lightning, and soon afterwards died."

The Polish stories of "Carried away by the Wind," the "Demon's Dance," the "Plague Omen," the "Plague," and "Men-Wolves," are all closely in keeping with the superstition, though they are not told in the language, of the people. There is always a tendency in uncultured minds towards personifying an epidemic; in times of plague and pestilence the destroying force readily takes a human shape to anxious and unenlightened eyes. There is something mysteriously grand in these pictures, due to the popular fancy, of the onward sweep of the ghastly form of the Destroyer, accompanied by its terrible train. The word *Homen*, which occurs in a story called by a strange coincidence "The Plague Omen," is intended to express the noisy movement of this Pestilence-Procession, being akin to *gom* or *gam*, a confused noise, whence come *gomit*, to brawl, and a number of kindred words expressive of loud but inarticulate sound. The story of Madey is the well-known mediæval legend of the criminal who is told by a dignitary of the Church that his sins will not be forgiven until a dead stick has become a living tree. Eventually the stick does become a tree and bears fruit, and the criminal is forgiven. In the Polish story, as the criminal confesses his crimes, the apples on a tree beside which he kneels turn into snow-white doves, and fly away—the last being "the soul of Madey's father, whom he had murdered." For some time the sinner cannot bring himself to confess his greatest sin. At last, however, he does so; the ultimate fruit flies away as a dove, and the pardoned penitent crumbles into dust. In this version the essential idea, that of the dead stick taking life, has been forgotten, whereas due prominence will be found given to it in the Lithuanian story (Schleicher, No. 26), which it in many respects closely resembles. In a Little-Russian version given by Afanasief (*Legendy*, p. 178), the tree bears a number of silver apples and two of gold. The fruits answer to the robber's crimes, the golden apples signifying his sins of patricide and matricide. He confesses to all but the last two, and so he dies while the golden apples still hang on the boughs, and "worse than all other sinners is he tortured in the lower world." Afanasief, in commenting on the Polish story, refers the apple-tree incident to old heathen ideas about the soul. Some critics may be inclined to refer it rather to the imagination of the literary reciter.

The Bohemian stories in Mr. Naaké's collection are specially interesting, inasmuch as they contain a good deal of genuine folklore respecting hobgoblins and water-sprites. To this day Slavonic rustics firmly believe that spirits, almost invariably of a malicious character, haunt pools and streams; and therefore those of their stories which deal with such beings are of a more original nature than those tales of Eastern origin which refer to seven-headed snakes and other Asiatic monsters in which they do not believe. In the story of "Lidushka and the Water Demon's Wife" a peasant woman consents to become godmother to a frog's child, and descends into the subaqueous world. In the palace of the frog-

demon (who answers to the Russian water-king), she finds a room in which stand "rows of little jars." She lifts them one after another, and out of each flies a white dove. These doves "were the souls of the unfortunate people whom the Water Demon had drawn into his power, and had cruelly drowned. Each soul had been kept in a separate dark prison, in the shape of a little jar. Lidushka was the deliverer of them all."

This is exceedingly picturesque, but, as in the case of the apple-birds, the white doves have a suspicious air. The idea has been worked out by Mr. Keightley in his *Fairy Mythology*. In the story of the "Soul Cages," Jack discovers that his friend Coomara the Merrow is in the habit of imprisoning in lobster-pots the souls of drowned sailors; so he secretly opens the "soul-cages," and releases their invisible inmates. To a subsequent edition of this (often-quoted) story, Mr. Keightley appended the following note: "We must here make an honest confession. This story had no foundation but the German legend in p. 259. All that is not to be found there is our own pure invention." We should like to see a conscientious edition of West-Slavonic (and many other) stories—with notes.

In the story of Lidushka, as well as in that of Yanechek, the Water Demon often takes the shape of "a beautiful red water-plant, floating on the top of the water." In both stories the souls of the drowned are imprisoned by the water-sprite. On the tricky spirit, who has incurred the bad boy Yanechek, that boy's mother lays her hands, and ties him up in her cottage with a ninefold rope of bast. When Yanechek has been released from his prison-house he treacherously endeavours to kill the bound demon, but in his awkwardness merely cuts his bonds. The demon upsets a jug containing a few drops of water, which become "a strong flood, like a summer torrent among the mountains," and drown "the wicked Yanechek and his weak-minded, indulgent mother," whose souls are immediately potted by the Water Demon. No one can complain that the Bohemian tales are devoid of moral teaching.

The "Wicked Wood Fays" is a good story in itself, but it sounds much more like a Servian than a Bohemian tale. In Servia the Vilas really do (in popular belief) tear out the eyes of unwary mortals. It seems to be doubtful whether in Bohemia they ever behaved in a fashion so much more savage and unmeaning than that which characterises their sister spirits in other western and northern Slavonic lands. It is difficult to believe that in the land of the Czekhs there ever existed "a cave where there was a large heap of eyes, great and small, black, red, blue, and green," even although some of them may have belonged to owls and others to fish. Its locality may really have been further east, where the milder traditions of the Slavs became influenced by the fierce superstitions of the Turkish and Finnish races.

Of the Servian tales contained in Mr. Naaké's collection, we will not speak at present. But before taking leave of his

prettily got up volume, we ought to mention that its contents fully come up to the promise held out in its preface. The "flowers, plucked not for their scientific interest, but for the wild fresh perfume that clings about them," will justly give pleasure to many admirers who have not sufficiently cultivated their literary perceptions to be able to distinguish between the perfumes of the library and the field. To children, in particular, the book may be confidently recommended. The stories it contains are all the more suited for them in that they—with the exception, perhaps, of those from Servia—have been trimmed and pruned by able editors (but not by Mr. Naaké, who has worked quite honestly) before being exhibited to the public. To them also the illustrations (which they may recognise if they are well up in the periodical publications of the day) may prove quite as attractive as if they had been in the slightest degree true to Slavonic costume or Slavonic customs.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

Worthies of All Souls. By Montague Burrows. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.)

At the present time, when in the general reconstruction of endowments "the pious founder" usually "goes to the wall," special interest is attached to the history of a college like All Souls, which has retained its original character and resisted innovation more successfully than other kindred institutions. Mr. Burrows, as Professor of Modern History and fellow of the college, possesses a double qualification for the task he has undertaken. His facts are principally drawn from the college archives, which have been, as yet, scarcely touched for historical purposes, and he has succeeded in producing from these materials a most interesting and valuable book. The internal history of the college is itself interesting even to persons who have no connexion with it; and at some periods, as at the Reformation and during the Civil War and Commonwealth, the life of such an institution throws light on the life of the nation, and enables us to form a sounder judgment as to the progress and effects of the changes through which men were passing.

The college was founded in 1437 by Archbishop Chichele, the trusted minister of Henry IV. and Henry V., and was a combination of a college and a chantry. The forty fellows were to be men of learning, and a large proportion of them students of law; but their chief function was to pray for the souls of Henry VI. and his father, the founder, the English who had died in the French war, and for the souls of all the faithful departed. Nothing seems to have been done directly by the college in the way of education, except from the Reformation to the Civil War, when a few poor scholars were admitted. The grammar schools of Feversham, Berkhamstead, and other towns were, however—and we presume are still—under the supervision of the college. That an institution thus expressly founded for "superstitious uses" should have had troublesome times at the Reformation was only to be expected, when other collegiate bodies

and monastic schools were swept away without mercy. The preservation of the college was accounted for by the University Commissioners of 1852 as due to the prominent place assigned in the statutes to the collegiate element, but Professor Burrows shows that the saving of the college was rather owing to the original exclusion of regulars from its fellowships, and to the necessity of retaining learned bodies for the benefit of the parochial clergy and the general culture of society. No doubt, also, Cranmer, who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was visitor of the College, used his influence in its favour. It is needless to say that the College accepted readily the royal supremacy.

One lasting injury was sustained by the college at this period. The chapel was divested of its Popish adornments, and among these the *reredos* was defaced:—

"Every one of its fifty statues and eighty-six statuettes was thrown down and broken to pieces, while the projecting portions of the structure were chipped away till the whole was left a ruin. The altars were destroyed and the 'Lord's Table' placed in the centre of the chapel."

The destruction was completed in the seventeenth century, when the whole was made level, the niches being filled in with rubbish and mortar. Lath and plaster were then placed in front of it, on which Streater, Charles II.'s serjeant-painter, painted a fresco of the Last Judgment, which, as Evelyn says in his *Diary*, "was too full of naked for a chapel."

This fresco was subsequently covered by a painting by Sir James Thornhill, representing the Assumption of Chichele. Both these frescoes have recently been taken down, and Mr. Burrows describes the unexpected discovery of the ruins beneath them. All lovers of English architecture will be rejoiced to hear that this beautiful specimen of fifteenth century work is being restored to its original condition through the munificence of Lord Bathurst, and under the judicious hands of Sir Gilbert Scott.

During the Civil War and while Oxford was occupied by the king's troops, All Souls took a leading part on the royalist side, and gave up the whole of their plate for their sovereign's service. Mr. Burrows narrates at great length the occurrences in which the college was concerned, and takes several opportunities of showing the misrepresentations of Neal, the Puritan historian. He also revives the nearly forgotten story of the vow made by Charles I. to restore to the Church the impropriations held by the Crown, and other lands wrongfully taken from religious foundations. This vow was buried for thirteen years by Gilbert Sheldon, then Warden of All Souls, and produced after the Restoration at the suggestion of Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, who was pained at the king's neglect of Church affairs. Mr. Burrows prints a letter from Duppa on the subject, and gives reasons for believing that the filling up of the vacant bishoprics, which commenced immediately after the correspondence, was due to the effect produced upon the king's mind by this unexpected revelation of the father's wishes. The changes in the college at the Restoration were not nearly so sweeping as at the Revolution. In

1648, Sheldon, the warden, was ejected, with a large majority of the fellows and servants who would not submit to the Parliamentary visitation. On the other hand, at the Restoration, most of the Parliamentary fellows kept their places. "None were ejected beyond that small proportion whose room was required for those who remained of the old ejected Royalists." But we must not pass over the internal history of the college without a few words.

This chiefly turns upon the struggle between the wardens, visitors, and fellows concerning the elections to fellowships. Before the college had existed a century, fellows sold their resignations, and managed to evade the oaths imposed by the visitors with the object of putting an end to this disgraceful practice. The battle was finally won by Archbishop Sancroft and Warden Jeames. The state of war in which the latter lived with his college is illustrated by extracts from his correspondence. Some of the moves made on each side are very amusing. At one election, when the fellows were very refractory at the warden's refusal to admit the nominees of those who had resigned, he ordered the commons to be served in "messes and chops," instead of in whole joints. Naturally the fellows were incensed, and retorted by formally desiring him to dismiss the cook and groom of the stable for being married men; a demand, which, although he had throughout based his position on the observance of the statutes, he was only able to meet by desiring the visitor to dispense with this injunction. However, at last he was victorious.

It would be impossible for any historical work to be produced in the present day without destroying some time-honoured belief; and Professor Burrows, anxious to vindicate the wisdom of the founder, disproves the old saying that fellows of All Souls are only required to be "bene nati, bene vestiti, et moderate docti." He states that

"the only authority for 'bene nati' is 'de legitimo matrimonio nati'—a common provision in college statutes. The words 'bene vestiti' are not found at all, but seem to be taken from the statute that the fellows should dress as becomes the clerical order, 'sicut eorum honestati convenit clericali,' and that when in Oxford or its suburbs they should wear the customary academical dress. The 'moderate docti,' which was the unkindest cut of all, as conveying the idea of an unlearned body of fellows, was simply obtained by leaving out the remainder of the original sentence, and even for the words themselves there is no authority. The expression is 'grammatica sufficienter, et in plano cantu competent eruditi.'"

But apart from the history of the College as a body, the book contains much biographical information concerning the Worthies of All Souls; such men as Sir Antony Sherley, the first English resident in Persia; Thomas Sydenham, the physician; Jeremy Taylor, Sir Christopher Wren, Christopher Codrington, the founder of the Missionary College at Barbadoes and the Codrington Library at All Souls, and other fellows who distinguished themselves in the public service and other ways.

C. TRICE MARTIN.

Le Neve's Pedigrees of Knights made by Charles II., &c. &c. Edited by George W. Marshall, LL.D., F.S.A., for the Harleian Society. (1874.)

PETER NEVE, or Le Neve, was an antiquary conspicuous for industry and honesty—a rare combination of virtues when heralds were wont to flatter their patrons with fictitious ancestry and to care more for fees than for research. Of his private life we know little more than that he was born in 1662, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and for some time acted as President of the Society of Antiquaries, which he helped to found. Some scurrilous verses accuse him of infidelity, but very likely he only possessed such a measure of scepticism as preserved him from becoming the dupe of impostures which befooled his brethren. He devoted his life and the fair abilities with which he was endowed to a study which, upon mature reflection, he pronounced to be one "which loads the memory without improving the understanding." We shall certainly not be careful to defend professional heraldry against this charge, though we may observe that the day is probably over when that which may form an interesting pastime is likely to take rank as a serious employment. At any rate, Le Neve's many works, incomplete as they are, have been the means of preserving numerous facts most useful to the historian and biographer, and we cannot say that in their collection his time was thrown away. They testify also to his love of truth, for we can ascribe to nothing else such plain-spoken entries as the following:—

"St Henry Furnes, Merchant, Kted at the Hague, in the Bedchamber, Sunday 11 Octob^r old stile 21 New stile 1691, for carrying the King the News of the defeat of the Irish at Lymrick. Md. he was an apprentice to a stockin-seller in the Exchange, and traded in poynt to Flanders, by which it is said he gott an estate. Sheriff of London 1700. Created the first baronet of Great Britain by Patent dated day of June, 1707. no right to Arms." "Rowland Lytton, Gent." (younger brother of Sir William, of Knebworth) "vir admodum vinolentus et somnolentus." "John Payne, esq", steward of the Charterhouse" (son of Sir John Payne) "he cheated the house of 4000^l circiter and lyes a prisoner for it in the King's bench." "Thomas Brown, esq", Doctor of Physick, living 1699, an ingenious Gent., but afterwards gave himself up to drinking so much that he dyed by a fall of his horse going from Gravesend to Southflete in Kent, being drunk and sate up all night." "Thomas Rawlinson, of the Inner Temple, esq", Helluo Librorum, an ingenious gentleman, unmar. 1715. Md. he spent most of his estate in buying books, some part of which he sold during his life by Auction 3 severall times. He freely confessed to me Peter Le Neve that his father had no right to the Arms used by him."

Tom Folio, it may be noted, was something more than a book collector, for, in spite of Addison's satirical remarks in the *Tatler*, there is good reason to believe that he was a well-read man and an able classical scholar.

Two Court doctors are thus disposed of:—

"William Read, her Majesties oculist in ordinary, Kted at Windsor Castle 27 of July 1705 as a mark of her Royall favour for his great services done in curing great numbers of seamen and soldiers of Blindness gratis as the gazette said. Md. he was a montebank formerly and servant to Penteus, he was a barbour at Ashdon

in Essex." "Edward Hannes, Doctor in Phisick and first Phisitian to the Queen Kted at Windsor Castle 29 of July 1705. Md. this man p'tends as I am told to supporters to Arms but I make great question whether he hath any right to Arms much less to supporters his father is said to have kept an herb shop in bloomsbury mercate."

Dr. Marshall appears to have exercised great care in preparing this volume for the press, but we should have been glad if he had explained to us the nature of Sir John Leigh's eminent service, to which Le Neve refers in these terms: "He carried up the dish of dillygroot at the Coronation of Queen Anne."

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

NEW NOVELS.

John's Wife. By M. J. Franc. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

"*B.*" An Autobiography. By E. Dyne Fenton. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

The House of Raby. By Mrs. Hooper. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.)

Lescar, the Universalist. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.)

A Chequered Life. By the Comtesse Solange de Kerkadec. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.)

What Can She Do? By E. P. Roe. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1874.)

Conquered at Last. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

THERE is a game much in fashion at a certain sort of evening entertainment, which consists in one of the party drawing a sketch, and the others writing down their interpretations of it. This exhilarating pastime might be applied with some success to the titles of books. Given the name *John's Wife*, a picture of domestic bliss, of roses and babies in smiling profusion, is conjured up. But a serpent creeps into this Eden. The novel has a purpose, the tale a horror. John's wife, to put it shortly, though dowered with every charm that the novelist can bestow, was addicted to Rum. The work, in fact, is addressed to that numerous class whom their friends style "martyrs to delirium tremens." We might have thought that one awful example would suffice for one story, but we are given to understand that John's wife's brother and father are at least as intemperate as John's wife, and that John himself is by no means a pattern of sobriety. This is not all. John's eldest sister, whose diary is the source of our information about this convivial family, is herself a slave of the sin of gluttony. Her dinner is described on page 4, her breakfast dilated on at page 19, and she is as fond of chocolate as Mr. Mortimer Collins of rumpsteak and Presburg biscuits. We doubt whether anyone could be edified by such a book as this, and we are suspicious of the value of the cure for drunkenness, which we are told "operated with success on the father of one of the most popular dissenting ministers in England."

It is a pity that B., who presents us with his autobiography, was not acquainted with the prescription recommended by Miss Franc. For B.'s mother was as fond of the wine cup—not that wine was her favourite

"vanity"—as John's Wife. She used to booze with a dissenting parson, who was a mixture of Stiggins, Squeers, and Uriah Heep. Poor B. used to think that his relative was subject to fits. "Fits be fiddled," said the charwoman. "It ain't no fit at all, not one bit of it. Why lawks, my lovey, the poor lady's only a bit tipsy; and what's the good of being a real lady, if you can't get fuddled without anyone interfering with you?" This specimen of B. may perhaps cause even the hardened novel-reader to "think twice, or even thrice" before he goes on with this dreary autobiography. Mr. Swinburne speaks of an artistic paradise where the lovely shapes of poet's fancies have real life and speech. The characters in B. have the air of shadows escaped from an artistic purgatory—distorted dim reflections of Mrs. Nickleby, of Copperfield's aunt, and the detestable father of Nancy. The book is as remarkable for bad English as if the author were the head-master of a great public school. We have not seen a worse novel than B. for many a day.

To take up the *House of Raby*, after the alcoholic fictions of B. and *John's Wife*, is a real relief. The novel is not a new one, but a reprint of a book which must be some twenty years old. It is curious to observe the slightly old-fashioned air which has already possessed it: the absence of slang, the composure and temperance of the style. The *House of Raby*, though not in the first flight of fiction, is a well-told and interesting story. The relations of the characters are improbable, but there is nothing harsh or strained in their conduct. A very painful theme is gently handled, and few things not of the very first merit are more touching than the clouding of Arundel's noble nature, and the resignation and constancy of Margaret. Lady Carleton, too, is, as the author says, "a true woman of quality," and deserves to have been immortalised by the pencil of Gainsborough. The touches by which a melancholy destiny is made to be felt to overhang the House of Raby, and the faintly indicated presence of the supernatural, are very nearly worthy of Hawthorne. As a matter of style, the constant introduction of French words is a thing to object to, and an evidence that the book is not exactly of to-day. It would be untrue to say that the story hurries the reader along with it; but it may be read, and that is much to say at present.

Lescar, the Universalist is a very odd and amusing book. It has many of the brilliant qualities of Ouida's work, and a good deal of the solid morality of the late Lord Lytton. The word Universalist does not mean a member of that cheerful sect, who, as the old woman told Clough, "expected every one to be saved," while she "looked for better things." Universalist, as applied to Mr. Victor Lescar, means a member of the International, and also what undergraduates call "an all-round man." Mr. Lescar had been brought up among visionary working men in Paris, thence he had gone to Heidelberg, and afterwards to Cambridge. His mother—like the mothers of so many great men—was a Campbell; his father a Radical officer in the French army. Naturally Mr. Lescar's views of life were catholic, and

his accomplishments varied. He could "harmonise on" Plato's *Crito*, on the piano, and he could win a two-mile race which was run in three laps. As he also possessed a bust of Mazzini, he was a good deal looked up to at Cambridge, where he belonged to a "council of twelve," young men, who lectured to each other on the Rights of Woman, Freedom, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. He even won the affections of a freshman who had been brought up in Scotland, and who was a fair sportsman. Nothing can be funnier than the account of Cambridge, and the grave way in which the writer takes up the Mazzinian theories of the Lord Magnus Charters and the Broadbents of the period. As it was in the days of Pendennis, it is now, of course, and lads are prone to read Bastiat, and think they can set humanity to rights. But it is doubtful whether members of the "council of twelve" revere the late Prince Consort as the guardian angel of the International, and it is almost certain that the French artisans of the book are as impossible as the undergraduates are absurd. In another field the author is more successful: her Scotch scenes and pictures of Highland fishing must have been sketched on the spot, and the childhood of Donna and Piers might have been made as pretty as the childhood of Maggie Tulliver. But the writer was too anxious to get to the Cambridge running ground and the siege of Paris, and she has wilfully deserted the burns and lochs she seems to know and love. The Highland idyll is charming, the caricature of undergraduate philosophy—"that queer aping of sense and style"—is amusing, but all the Parisian episodes are theatrical and commonplace. The mere brutality of M. Léon Cladel's *Les Va-nu-pieds* deals more successfully with events too terrible and too near to be proper subjects of fiction. The writer admires Sir Noel Paton's picture, *Mors Janua Vitae*, and her story has the same effects of pretentious sentiment.

A Chequered Life presents itself as the memoirs of the Vicomtesse de Léoville Meilhan. It is written with a gossiping and gentle dulness. The Vicomtesse lived under the First Empire, and her life was chequered by two marriages, and by one of those events which ladies call disappointments, by the loss of a fortune, and by seeing one or two ghosts of the old school. Besides these startling experiences, she possessed the acquaintance of Josephine, who told her some venerable anecdotes about her imperial husband. The book ends with the Vicomtesse's despair at the death of one of her lovers, a gentleman who had performed an operation on an abscess which had helped to chequer her life. It is a pity she despaired, as experience might have told her that lovers were numerous, and her feelings transitory. It is not easy to conjecture what motive the author may have had for writing this prosy fiction.

What Can She Do? throws a lurid light upon American manners. The author allows that his book has a definite, earnest purpose, and he has "tried to write earnestly, if not wisely." It is well to know one's limitations. The definite, earnest purpose of the tale is to warn young ladies, "society girls," who live "on Fifth Avenue," what a future

may be awaiting them. Though they belong to "old New York families," though they dine at six o'clock, and begin dinner with the popping of champagne corks, instead of a Christian grace, they may meet misfortunes which their education does not enable them to resist. When the fatal telegram of American novels comes in the midst of the giddy ball, when the father is smitten with apoplexy or paralysis, according to his constitution; when their lovers' intentions are therefore no longer honourable—how much better to be the accomplished Misses Hart, who can "teach drawing and colouring," than the fair but helpless Miss Zell Allen. This is the moral, worked out in the histories of the idle and industrious families of Allen and Hart. But do American young ladies really play cards and drink wine at night, alone with "young bloods from the city"? That flippant magazine, *La Vie Parisienne*, says so, and the Rev. E. P. Roe's evidence forms an "undesigned coincidence." Considered as a novel, *What Can She Do?* has little merit. The fate of Zell is too painful, and the Pious Black who plays the part of Caleb Balderstone, is disgusting, with his sermons, and use of the unctuous word "lub." Considered as a picture of life in New York, the book is very saddening indeed, and we sincerely hope that the author is little acquainted with the "wealthy old New York families," and the "society girls" there. Next time he writes, perhaps he will have found out some more subtle form of irony than that which inserts notes of interrogation after words like "Christian," "gentlemanly," and so on.

In one of Mr. George Macdonald's novels a morbid little boy is introduced, who is gradually wasting away under the mistaken belief that it is his duty to read through the romance of Polexander. We have often been reminded of this little boy, and his sad fate, as we struggled with the thousand and ten closely printed pages of *Conquered at Last*. Conquered at last ourselves, we gave up the task, somewhere in the jungles of the third volume. The author says that "this is his first essay in the novelist's art." It is difficult to believe that any one could write such a very bad novel all at once, and reach such depths without some gradual descent. As it is so, however, we say to him, as Homer said to the craftsman who wrought the belt of Hercules, "having fashioned this, never let him make another." The book begins in Irish scenery, and at first offers something of the animal spirits of Dr. Dasent, and Mr. Lever's tales. There are incidents in plenty: a titled lady who pours strychnine into the author's wine with a silvery laugh; another titled lady who poisons her husband with arsenic in mulled claret, as if mulled claret alone were not enough for a man of eighty-two; runaway horses which the hero stops by shooting them; forgeries, strifes, and man-slayings. New characters come in without introduction in every chapter. The solitary piece of humour in the book is the ethnological idea of an Irish lady, that there is some connexion between Shadrach and the O'Shaughnessys. The enormous work is much too epic to have any particular conclusion, and the hero leaves us to start off in search of "the husband of pretty Ellen," whoever she may have been, for she had not

appeared on the scene when we gave up the attempt to explore all the recesses of *Conquered at Last*. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will not inflict the narrative of his pursuit of pretty Ellen's husband on the pensive public.

A. LANG.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE *Oxford University Gazette* of June 2 contains the following letter, which reflects the highest credit on the public spirit of Merton College:—

Merton College: May 27, 1874.

MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR,—At a meeting of the Warden and Fellows of this College, held yesterday, I was requested to communicate to you the following resolution which it had passed:—"That the College give during five years an annual sum of 100*l.* in aid of the funds of the Bodleian Library in the event of three other Colleges declaring their willingness to do the same, and that the Vice-Chancellor be notified of this offer with a view to its publication in the *Gazette*."

I am, very truly yours,

R. B. MARSHAM.

We understand that a similar proposition was made at the Whitsuntide meeting at All Souls' College, but that it was rejected almost unanimously by the non-resident Fellows.

PROFESSOR LEPSIUS, the newly-appointed Librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, has been sent, in company with an architect, on a mission to inspect the most perfect modern libraries in Europe, with a view to adopting all the really valuable improvements in the new building that is to be erected at Berlin. It would be most desirable to follow this example before determining whether the Bodleian Library at Oxford can be remodelled so as to answer the requirements of a nineteenth century library; or whether, as suggested in Captain Galton's most interesting report, it would be wiser at once to erect a new building that should be both safe against fire, which the present building is not, and capable of expansion with the increasing demands, not of the next fifty or eighty years, but of the next two or three centuries. There ought to be no difficulty as to funds. The Bodleian Library is one of the few truly academical institutions which has a claim on all the Colleges; and if the report of the University Commission should show that the wealth of the colleges is great, it should not be forgotten that the claims of the University are great also, and that, unless the academical endowments are carefully husbanded, instead of being scattered broadcast over the provinces, there will be no funds available for such emergencies as, for instance, the building of a new Bodleian Library.

THE Academy of Inscriptions has awarded its ordinary prize to M. Paul Meyer, for his memoir on the study of the dialects of the langue d'Oc in the middle ages.

A PADUA journal states that some unpublished sonnets by Petrarch have been discovered, which will be printed at the approaching sixth centenary of the poet's death.

VICTOR HUGO's *Quatrevingt-Treize* is passing through a ninth edition.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT AND Co., of New York, have just published a *History of the Cretan Insurrection of 1866-7-8*, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, who was United States Consul at Canéa during the insurrection.—General Joseph E. Johnston, the only officer of the United States army above the rank of colonel who joined the Confederate army, who was commander-in-chief at Bull Run, and afterwards held the chief command in the West, and finally led the last organised army of the Confederacy, has published a narrative of military operations directed by himself during the war. General Johnstone by common consent stands second, and hardly second, to Lee alone of the Confederate generals. Messrs. D. Appleton and Co. are his publishers.

M. MILLER, member of the Institute and librarian to the National Assembly, has been appointed editor of the *Journal des Savants*, in succession to the late M. Boulé. The other candidates were M. Wallon and M. Berthelot.

MR. ROACH SMITH, F.S.A., &c., has sent to press an enlarged edition of his essay illustrative of Shakspeare's extraordinary knowledge of rural life. It will be printed by subscription, and subscribers' names may be forwarded to Mr. John E. Price, F.S.A., 53 Bereaford Road, Highbury; or to the author, Temple Place, Strood, Kent.

AMONG MESSRS. Longmans' books preparing for publication are: *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, by John Roland Phillips; a translation of Dr. Oswald Heer's *Primal Life in Switzerland*, by James Heywood, F.R.S., F.G.S.; and a work on *The Rights and Duties of Neutrals*, by W. E. Hall, M.A. The same publishers will issue in the course of the present month the Alpine Club Map of Switzerland and the adjacent countries, on a scale of four miles to the inch, extending from Schaffhausen on the north to Milan on the south, and from the Ortler group on the east to Geneva on the west. The map will be in four sheets, and will be edited by Mr. R. C. Nichols, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

THE Italian papers of the 25th ult. announce that a priest, D. Gaetano by name, has made the Great Hospital at Milan his heir, and is supposed to have died worth half a million of francs (20,000*l.*). He was a passionate collector of books, engravings, and paintings, and has bequeathed his library, amounting to above 35,000 volumes, to the city of Monza, with an annuity to defray the expense of maintaining it.

A COPY of Shelley's almost unknown "*Refutation of Deism: a Dialogue*," *Switzerland*. London: Printed by Schulze & Dean, 1814," now belonging to Professor Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin, is in the hands of the British Museum printed-book buyers, to see whether they will secure it for the nation. Of this little treatise Mr. W. M. Rossetti wrote in his Memoir to the *Poetical Works of Shelley* (Moxon, 1870): "Early in 1814 Shelley published *A Refutation of Deism*, a Dialogue between Eusebes and Theosophus, in 101 pages. Hogg gives a short quotation from it. . . he is the only author who mentions the pamphlet, and probably almost the only human being who ever owned or inspected a copy of it." The present copy once belonged to the Hookham family, to a member of which, Mr. Thomas Hookham, several of Shelley's early letters are addressed. See Lady Shelley's *Memoir*, p. 38. Sir Percy Shelley has another copy of the book.

WE learn from the Prussian *Staatsanzeiger* that Professor Max Müller has been elected a knight of the Ordre pour le Mérite, at the same time as Field-Marshal Count Moltke. This is the highest distinction in Germany. The number of knights is restricted to thirty, and when a vacancy occurs, a new member is elected by the chapter, and the election confirmed by the Emperor. There are also some foreign knights who enjoy the privilege of being allowed to wear their insignia at the courts of England, France, and Italy, without requiring special leave from their sovereigns. Mr. Thomas Carlyle and Mr. Humphrey Lloyd have lately been elected foreign members of the Ordre pour le Mérite.

A PLAN of Paris of an earlier date than any hitherto known has been discovered at Bâle, at the sale of the effects of a deceased Swiss gentleman of that city. It shows the buildings and houses in projection, like all old plans, and measures two metres by one metre forty centimètres. It is supposed to be at least as old as the year 1552. M. Jules Cousin, librarian to the city of Paris, has examined the map, and has had several photographs taken of the same size as the original, which will be distributed among the various public libraries of France.

MR. J. D. CAMPBELL, of Mauritius, has sent us a short Creole Catechism, from which we quote a few sentences to show how curiously French has changed in the island:—

"Demande: Qui ti faire nous, et qui faire nous vivre tous les jours?"

"Réponse: Nous Papa qui dans ciel, nous Seigneur qui tout sél Bondié, dans ciel et la haut la terre.

"D. Est-ce qui Bondié faire tout qui chose?"

"R. Oui; Bondié faire tout; quand na pas Li, na pas té va yenna narien qui ti vivant.

"D. Qui sentiments nous dévéré yenna pour Bondié?"

"R. Nous dévéré content Li, tout nous liquère [heart], tout nous name, tout nous siprit, tout nous la force.

"D. Est-ce qui nous va vivre toujours la haut la terre à cote nous à présent?"

"R. Non, nous va quitte eine zour ça la terre là, et si nous bons, nous va vivre comment zanges dans ciel," &c.

THE *Spensersche Zeitung*, with an eye to possible contingencies, has, with grim facetiousness, inserted in its feuilleton a specimen of the cremation announcements, which in Germany doctors generally, and in this country Sir Henry Thompson specially, no doubt anticipate will be of ordinary occurrence among the coming race. The sample announcement is as follows: "To-morrow, at 3 p.m., I shall burn my mother-in-law.—AUGUST FEUERHAUSE."

DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON has undertaken to edit, for the New Shakspeare Society, a parallel-text edition of "*The Chronicle Historie of Henry the Fifth: with his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Ancient Pistol*," printed in 1608, and the *Life of Henry the Fifth*, from the first folio of Shakspeare's work of 1623. Dr. Nicholson will also edit a revised text of *Henry V.*, in old spelling, for the New Shakspeare Society.

PROFESSOR DELIUS has in type the whole of his edition of *Mucedorus*, 1598, a play formerly, though wrongly, attributed to Shakspeare. This will form the fourth Part of the Professor's series of *Pseudo-Shakspeare'sche Dramen*, and will be published at Elberfeld by R. L. Friedrichs.

THE Early English Text Society has just added to the list of institutions to which it sends yearly some of its texts for prizes, the first University in the Southern States of North America where English is systematically taught. This is the University of Mississippi, at Oxford, in the state of Mississippi, where Professor J. Lipscomb Johnson has a class of no less than sixty students in Anglo-Saxon, a class which, for numbers, the one professor of Anglo-Saxon in Great Britain, at Oxford (old, not new), probably never even dreamt of having in his wildest moments. We believe that, in the next century, there will be a professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, in England.

PROFESSOR HIRAM CORSON, of the Cornell University, has just printed privately 200 copies of some "Jottings on the text of *Hamlet*: First Folio versus 'Cambridge' Edition." Professor Corson is a well-known supporter of the First Folio, and thinks that the Cambridge editors, in their big 8vo edition, "have certainly, in many cases, failed to recognise the superior merits of readings in the First Folio to those which they have introduced into their text from the Quartos and other sources." He has, however, been pleased to find that in their Globe edition the Cambridge editors have, on second thoughts, swung back from their heresies, to "Mother Church," the First Folio, in a large number of instances; and he publishes the present "Jottings" to help the Cambridge and all other editors and students of Shakspeare further along the right path. The Professor does not disclaim to discuss stops, notes of interrogation, etc., and the changes of inflexion that the abominable system of modernisation has introduced into Shakspeare's text. Thus he says:—

"I. i. 40. 'By Heauen I charge thee speake.' F. 'by heaven I charge thee, speak?' C. 'speak' is an

infinitive after 'charge,' and not an imperative, as the C. makes it by use of the comma.

"I. i. 52. 'How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale.' F. 'How now, Horatio!' etc. C. The ? of the F. represents the elocution better. 'Horatio' should be uttered with an unequal upward wave, expressing the triumph of the speaker in the confirmation of his report of the appearance of the ghost.

"I. ii. 85. 'passeth show.' F. 'passes show.' C. The older form not only suits the tone of the passage better, but the two s's and the sh in 'passes show' coming together are very cacophonous."

THE appeal of the Hans Sachs monument committee to the members of Hans Sachs' craft has been responded to by contributions from 6,000 master shoemakers, who have sent in a donation of 1,000 thalers towards the expenses of the memorial.

MR. HALLIWELL has given the New Shakspeare Society the reference to an epigram on "The hated Fathers of vilde balladrie," which contains an interesting allusion to "The Mournefull Dittie" in Mr. Christie-Miller's Heber Collection, that in 1603 bade

"You Poets all, braue Shakspeare, Johnson, Greene, Bestow your time to write for Englands Queene."

The epigram-writer is savage with the balladiers, and says:—

"... were I made a iudge in poetry,

They all should burne for their vilde heresie,"

which seems to lie in their profaning "great majesty," by writing of Elizabeth and James, and also in slandering their time. The only writer that he allows any credit to is the following:

"... he that made the Ballads of 'oh hone,'

Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on."

These, we suppose, are some lost political ballads, and do not include the ballad with the burden, *oh hone*, in the Pepys, Roxburghe, Bagford, and Douce collections, of which Mr. Chappell prints the tune and some words in his *Popular Music*: "A mournful Caral: or an Elegy lamenting the tragical ends of two unfortunate faithful Lovers, Franklin and Cordelius; he being slain, she slew herself with her dagger. To a new tune called *Franklin is fled away*:"

"Franklin, my loyal friend, O hone, O hone!

In whom my joys do end, O hone, O hone!"

Be this as it may, the allusion to the *Mournefull Dittie* writer is as follows:—

"Some dare do this; some other humbly craues

For helpe of spirits in their sleeping graues,

As he that calde to Shakspeare, Johnson, Greene,

To write of their dead noble Queene."

The epigram will be printed in the first part of the New Shakspeare Society's *Allusion-Books*, edited by Dr. Ingleby.

DR. GASQUIT has reprinted from the *Journal of Mental Science* some papers on the madmen of the Greek Theatre. The subject is suggestive, but he spends nearly all his time in approaching it. The best thing is the commentary on the treatment of the mad father in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, and the remark that madness was not common enough to be treated in literature before the period of the tragedians.

M. CARO has some solemn and, in the main, appropriate, though rather obvious remarks to make upon the effect that the spread of positive ideas is likely to have upon serious imaginations. He makes them *à propos* of the poems of a M^{me}. Ackermann, whose regrets and blasphemies seem less musical and less eloquent than Mr. Swinburne's, without being more ingenious or convincing. He holds that the complete dominion of the new ideas, if it should ever be established, will be less favourable to poetry than the present period of transition—which is not improbable, though put too absolutely.

AFTER an interval of more than a year, the appearance of another volume of the *Pückler Muskau Biography*, by Ludmilla Assing, has again drawn the attention of the reading public

to the life of that eccentric man, who, although alive till 1871, seems to belong very much more to a past than the present age, so completely out of date seem his *Tutti Frutti*, his *Diary of a Disconsolate Departed*, and the numerous other productions by which he attracted the attention of the last generation to his restless eccentricities and his wandering erratic mode of life. The geniality of the man, his enthusiastic love of art, and the freshness and impressibility of mind and intellect which he preserved to extreme old age, his strong artistic appreciation of all that was beautiful in nature, and his unremitting efforts to create and foster an æsthetical feeling in the world around him, claim for him a distinctive place among other men of his times and station.

THE completion of the Arndt memorial at Bergen may now be speedily anticipated, as the operations which had been suspended for want of the necessary funds are again being carried on, although simply, it must be owned, as a matter of speculation on the part of a local builder, who hopes when the monument is completed to secure the pecuniary returns which have hitherto failed, when appeals have been addressed to the patriotic feeling of the poet's countrymen. At Berlin a concert is announced for the purpose of aiding the Arndt fund, and as the poet's second home was within the Rhenish frontiers of the German empire, we may hope that this appeal will not be in vain.

AT the meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on January 7, Mr. C. Brownlow, of Kachhár, gave a "Description of a Bachelors' Hall among the Mikir Tribes, Assam, with certain symbols connected therewith," which is printed in the Proceedings of the Society. The hall, which is used as the habitation of the unmarried young men and boys of the village, "is well built, and stands on piles like the rest, and is matted with the wild bamboo turza, or matting made of the bamboo beaten at the joints until well split, and then opened out. . . . There is a front stage to the hall which is reached by a wooden ladder consisting of a log with recesses cut for the foot." Mr. Wallace, in his *Malay Archipelago*, mentions the institution of bachelors' halls among the Dyaks of Borneo, these halls being also used as lodgings for strangers and general council chambers; and it appears that the same institution still exists in one or two Oráon villages in the neighbourhood of Ránci.

THE admirers of Leopardi, of Shelley, of Richter's "Dream," of picturesque melancholy, of sonorous despair, and the sombre philosophy which finds moral consolation in atheism—may be interested to know of a really remarkable poem, lately published in four numbers of the *National Reformer* (March 22, April 12, April 26, and May 9). The spirit of the work is akin to that of Leopardi, but the writer (who uses the signature B. V.) has thought out his philosophy of the universe in more detail, and presents it by the help of wider range of illustration and imagery. The versification in places recalls Shelley more nearly than any other well-known author, but it is only a passing resemblance of the sweet, fluent cadence, and in the greater part of the poem (about 1,500 lines) the originality of the writer is as unquestionable as his power. The work is called *The City of Dreadful Night*, and is simply a series of visions representing the despair of minds doomed by their own constitution to revolve, through a dark dream-like life, round the ruined shrines of "dead Faith, dead Love, dead Hope." But the poetical merits of the whole are quite out of proportion to the truth or morality of the general thesis. The following stanzas are near the end: a shorter quotation would hardly do the author justice:—

"I sat me weary on a pillar's base,

And leaned against the shaft; for broad moonlight O'erflowed the peacefulness of cloistered space,

A shore of shadow slanting from the right:

The great cathedral's western front stood there,
A wave-worn rock in that calm sea of air.

Before it, opposite my place of rest,

Two figures faced each other, large, austere;

A conch-shaped sphinx in shadow to the breast,

An angel standing in the moonlight clear;

So mighty by magnificence of form,

They were not dwarfed beneath that mass enorm.

Upon the cross-hilt of a naked sword

The angel's hands, as prompt to smite, were held;

His vigilant intense regard was poured

Upon the creature placidly unquelled,

Whose front was set at level gaze which took

No heed of aught, a solemn trance-like look.

And as I pondered these opposed shapes

My eyelids sank in stupor, that dull swoon

Which drugs and with a leaden mantle drapes

The outworn to worse weariness. But soon

A sharp and clashing noise the stillness broke,

And from the evil lethargy I woke.

The angels' wings had fallen, stone on stone,

And lay there shattered; hence the sudden sound:

A warrior leaning on his sword alone

Now watched the sphinx with that regard profound;

The sphinx unchanged looked forthright, as aware

Of nothing in the vast abyss of air.

Again I sank in that repose unsweet,

Again a clashing noise my slumber rent;

The warrior's sword lay broken at his feet;

An unarmed man with raised hands impotent

Now stood before the sphinx, which ever kept

Such mien as if with open eyes it slept.

My eyelids sank in spite of wonder grown;

A louder crash upstartled me in drend;

The man had fallen forward, stone on stone,

And lay there shattered, with his trunkless head

Between the monster's large quiescent paws,

Beneath its grand front changeless as life's laws.

The moon had circled westward full and bright,

And made the temple-front a mystic dream,

And bathed the whole enclosure with its light,

The sworded angel's wrecks, the sphinx supreme:

I pondered long that calm majestic face

Whose vision seemed of infinite void space."

THE main argument of Mr. Wallace's very curious papers on "Modern Spiritualism," in the *Fortnightly Review* (May and June) seems to be that, as the "facts" of Spiritualism are, according to the spiritualist theory, *sui generis*, men of science beg the very question at issue when they refuse to be convinced by evidence of a peculiar kind tried by peculiar canons. For the physicist "to ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws." This is candid, but not easily reconcilable with the other claims which Mr. Wallace puts forward as to the thoroughly scientific character of the spiritualist theory. His other complaint against those writers who have professed to investigate spiritualistic phenomena, and have gone away convinced that there was nothing in them except delusion, self-deception, or conscious imposture, is that they have gone away too soon: Lord Amberley attended five *séances*, and remains unconvinced; but Dr. George Sexton, M.D., M.A., LL.D., having attended *séances* and other means of enlightenment during fifteen years, at the end of that time was convinced, and actually rewarded by the development of mediumistic power; and in general Mr. Wallace has observed that the degree of conviction is "approximately proportioned to the amount of time and care bestowed on the investigation." He does not seem to suspect that this fact might be interpreted the other way, as showing that nothing less than a predisposition to believe in the theory is sufficient to induce the inquirer to prolong *prima facie* unprofitable researches. As to the evidence attainable, he admits that there have been cases of imposture, but denies that this fact ought to prejudice the candid against similar cases where imposture has not been proved; he thinks every witness should be assumed competent and honest

until proved the reverse, and does not scruple accordingly to fill his pages with startling incidents from a variety of sources, which he can have had no means of testing and verifying in detail. In fact, he ends by asking his readers to "look rather at the results produced by the evidence than at the evidence itself as imperfectly stated" in his articles. The evidence has sufficed to convince "sceptics of every grade of incredulity, men in every way qualified to detect imposture or to discover natural causes,—trained physicists, medical men, lawyers, and men of business;" and, of course, if the question could be decided by authority, it would be enough to say that Mr. Wallace himself is convinced; but then, what of the much greater number of sceptical, trained men of science who are not merely unconvinced, but distinctly and, as they believe, rationally, persuaded of the futility of the great mass of the evidence put forward? The greater part of the second article is devoted to the subject of "spirit photographs," that is, appearances in an ordinary photographic plate or print not answering to any object within the focus of the camera visible to ordinary observers. These appearances sometimes consist of patches of light, and in this case, as Mr. Wallace observes that "sometimes twenty consecutive pictures produced nothing unusual," a sceptic might think a flaw in the twenty-first was not an altogether supernatural accident; sometimes, however, the photograph shows more or less clearly an additional human form, sometimes a face, recognisable as that of some departed friend or relative; and here again scepticism, remembering the Tichborne trial, will suggest that a bad photograph may be thought surprisingly like a great many very different, faces. The kind of evidence which we imagine to be wanted is not more or better spirit-photographs, not more numerous histories of a sunflower with earth about its roots tumbling through the ceiling, or of musical instruments that serenade Mr. Home, coupled with a belief that these phenomena are produced by "spirits," i.e. otherwise unknowable "intelligent causes." The hypothesis of an intelligent cause hardly satisfies the mind while the nature of the effect remains so extremely indistinct. The entities represented in Mr. Wallace's photographs have the power of reflecting the sun's rays; they have, therefore, a physical existence, and it would be easier to ascertain a few more facts about their physical constitution than, let us say, to determine the substance of the sun. So, again, it would be interesting to know whether the sunflower is an instance of "spontaneous generation," or whether it is transplanted from some other spot of earth; if the latter, by what steps it passes through the ceiling, whether the joists and plaster open, or whether the spirits enable the two solid bodies to occupy the same space simultaneously. Granting the phenomena, these details are of the greatest importance and interest; Dr. Bastian might prove to be a "medium" through whose agency the spirits produced Bacteria. But this is not the direction in which Mr. Wallace seems inclined to lead enquiry. He accepts the present appearances as final, and only proceeds to group them with the Greek oracles, the miracles of Christ and mediæval saints, tales of witchcraft, and the "white-sheeted ghost" of popular faith—as things strange but true, now for the first time correctly explained. George Müller, the founder of the large orphanage supported by voluntary contributions received in answer to prayer (this is his own history of the matter), is, according to Mr. Wallace, a favourite of benevolent spirits who go about persuading the living benevolent to send him the requisite assistance. The superior simplicity of Müller's hypothesis would be a recommendation even in non-theistic circles.

In *Macmillan* Professor Goldwin Smith endeavours to alarm the Liberals as to the danger to which the principles of free constitutional government would be exposed by the extension of

the suffrage to women. Like most alarmists, his reasoning is a little incoherent, and he does not explain the grounds of the assumption upon which his terror reposes—that women, if enfranchised, will not only all vote wrong together, but will uniformly outvote the men who vote right, so as to have the real direction of the State. His strictures on the unhistorical nature of some of Mr. Mill's reasoning on the "subjection of women" are sometimes just; but, after having very judiciously disclaimed all intention of discussing anything so impalpable as the "natural rights" of woman, he relapses into a discussion of the scarcely less obscure subject, her "proper sphere."

Fraser contains a reprint of Mr. Sayce's lecture on Assyrian Discoveries, delivered in January at the London Institution, to which we referred at the time; and a very pleasantly-written remonstrance, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, addressed to Mr. Ruskin's recent writings, which, in spite of the painfully-exaggerated despondency of their general tone, contain bits of brilliant invective which ought not to be lost to the world through the author's fancy for publishing "his works in such a manner as to oppose the greatest obstacles to their circulation." For instance, there is a statue, in black and white marble, of a Newfoundland dog at South Kensington, "the most perfectly and roundly ill-done thing" which Mr. Ruskin has ever seen produced in art. Its makers had seen Roman work, and Florentine work, and Byzantine work, and Gothic work; and misunderstanding of everything had passed through them as the mud does through earth-worms, and here at last was their *worm-cast of a production!*

MR. FREEMAN's article in *Macmillan* on the "Buildings of Rome" is remarkable for a paragraph on the little-known capitals which he describes as of singular splendour and singular interest, which lie neglected among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The artist has been so far from confining himself to one prescribed pattern either of volute or of acanthus leaves, that he has ventured to employ vigorously carved human or divine figures as parts of the enrichment of his capitals. Among the stores of fragments which lie in the lower gallery of the Tabularium there are a number of capitals which go even further, capitals of which the volute is formed by the introduction of various animal figures. . . . In these capitals, some at least of which, if not "classical" are certainly pagan, we get the beginning of the lavish employment of animal figures in Romanesque capitals. In Prætextatus' temple to the Dii Consentes, erected under Valentinian, the capitals have armour and weapons in the form of a trophy. Mr. Freeman continues: "Both Professor Reber and Mr. Burn note these steps in architectural development. Why do they not go on to notice the next step, when we find capitals of the same anomalous kind used up again in the Laurentian Basilica. From thence another easy step leads us to the use of the same forms in the churches of Lucca, and one more step leads us to the western portal of Wetzlar and to the Imperial palace at Gelnhausen."

MR. GREG, in the *Contemporary Review*, returns to the charge on the subject of our artisans: he certainly succeeds in showing that we have been too hasty in hoping that as much work might be done in eight hours as in ten, as Mr. Brassey's last statements on the matter before the British Association are less encouraging than those in his book on Work and Wages. The author's main contentions are that our industrial supremacy will cease when we come to the end of our cheap coal, and that it will come to an end the sooner if operatives insist upon higher wages and shorter hours while our prosperity lasts. From the first it is impossible to draw any practical inference except that we ought to take care to get the full value in work of every ton of coal, a course which, as Professor Jevons has proved, will not make it last the longer. From the second the writer tries to infer that it is the interest or the duty (which does he mean?) of

the most numerous classes of the community to go without any sensible share of its prosperity, in order that its aggregate wealth may continue to accumulate longer, though it is precisely the most numerous classes who will be able to escape for themselves from the unpleasant consequences if that aggregate wealth should begin to decline. This immense paralogism destroys the effect of Mr. Greg's well-founded warnings against a tendency some of the working-classes are beginning to show to scamp and neglect their work. Why does he not exhort the owners of collieries and immovable factories to content themselves with lower returns on their capital?

MR. GLADSTONE has a first article on Homer's Place in History, in which he endeavours to support the result of his own minute investigations of the Homeric text by establishing points of contact with the produce of Dr. Schliemann's excavations and with Egyptian inscriptions. If the text of Homer deserves investigation at all, it is impossible, as a writer in the *Cornhill* for June points out, that on geographical grounds Hissarlik should be the Homeric Troy, besides which there are traces of a more civilised town before Dr. Schliemann's, and until this is excavated only the vaguest archaeological inferences can be drawn from his discoveries. In treating the Egyptian inscriptions, Mr. Gladstone trusts M. Lenormant too freely, and is too ready to build on the names of the tribes who invaded Egypt in the reigns of Menepthah and Ramesses III. The suggestion that the well-established fact of Thothmes III.'s supremacy in the Aegean was remembered by the Greeks as the thalassocracy of Minos, has more to recommend it; and the further suggestion that the more or less Phœnician viceroys of "Minos" are the Aeolidae of heroic tradition is at least ingenious. After all, it cannot be said to be improbable that the unique actuality of the Homeric poems is due to the unusually large amount of real history embedded in them.

In *Temple Bar* for this month there is an article on Poe, exposing the bad faith of the life by Griswold, which is still treated in England as a trustworthy authority. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May there is an interesting article on an early collection of Poe's poems, printed for private circulation in 1831, when he was a cadet at West Point. There are copious extracts, which have both a bibliographical and literary interest.

THE Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has elected M. Zeller an honorary member in the section of history, in the place of Jules Michelet.

THE French Academy has awarded the great Gobert prize to M. Georges Picot for his contribution to the history of the States-General, of which we gave an abstract some time since, and which appears in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and the second Gobert prize to M. de Lesclapart for his book on Henri Quatre. The Thiers prize was awarded to M. Henry Housaye, for his book entitled *L'Histoire d'Alcibiade et de la République athénienne*; while the Thérouanne prize was divided between M. Emile Belot, author of *L'Histoire des Chevaliers romains*, and M. Edmond Hugues, for his work entitled *Histoire de la Restauration du Protestantisme en France au XVIII^e siècle*.

DR. C. A. BURKHARDT, Keeper of the Archives of the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, is preparing a Handbook of German and Austrian Archives. In addition to the public archives of the different German States, the work will include notices of all charters and other official documents belonging to the German cities and towns, some of which are of extreme interest—as, for instance, those at Frankfort am Main, Nürnberg, Goslar, Worms, &c.; while it will also give a list of all provincial, civic, or private archives which possess any special value for the student of German history. The author proposes to append the name, date, and place of origin of the several deeds, and

to supply information in regard to their contents, the persons referred to in them, the conditions under which they were drawn up, and their objects, purport, application, &c. Dr. Burkhardt's work promises, therefore, to be of the highest importance to the student of history, and will undoubtedly secure for the author the hearty co-operation of all who are connected with the public archives of Germany. In the meanwhile, those interested in the prosecution of the task which Dr. Burkhardt has set himself will be glad to learn that he is taking steps for the organisation of a general congress of persons connected officially with the keeping of the public German and Austrian archives, and has proposed that the meeting shall be held at Eisenach in the course of next year.

DR. F. GREGOROVIVUS has made another important addition to historico-biographical literature in his recently published work, *Lucrezia Borgia, nach Urkunden und Correspondenzen ihrer eigenen Zeit* (Stuttgart, 1874). Exhaustive in the use of his materials, and unbiassed in his judgment, Dr. Gregorovivus has as usual with him given his readers both new facts and new views in this history of one whom modern writers have taken special delight in representing as at once a monster of moral iniquity, and a woman of matchless grace and feminine softness—a remorseless Maenad at Rome, a tender wife and benevolent ruler at Ferrara. It is especially in regard to this latter and less generally well-known phase of her life after her marriage with Prince Alfonso of Ferrara, that the author has brought forward the most interesting original facts, while the second and last volume has special value from the number of important archives of which it gives extracts, with facsimiles of numerous letters of Alexander VI., Caesar Borgia, and Lucrezia herself. The question of her innocence of the general charges brought against her by the enemies of her evil father and yet worse brother, is certainly not conclusively proved; but, as Dr. Gregorovivus reminds his readers, it should be remembered that while the evil repute of Alexander and his son is a matter of history, that of Lucrezia has never been confirmed, and rests only on legendary hearsay.

DR. MAX LENZ, of Greifswald, has in the press a comprehensive work on the Treaty of Canterbury, concluded on August 15, 1416, between the Emperor Sigismund and Henry V., King of England, which was an event of considerable importance in its bearing on the history of the Anglo-French wars of the fifteenth century. Dr. Lenz recently made this forthcoming work the subject of his theme on taking the degree of a Doctor in Philosophy, and from this dissertation, which has been printed at Greifswald, we learn, among many other interesting particulars, that the *Gesta Henrici Quinti*, edited for the English Historical Society, in 1850, by Mr. Williams, is by Thomas of Elmham, "prior Monasterii S. Trinitatis Lentoniae;" and that, according to the author's strongly expressed conviction, the *Vita Henrici V.*, published by Th. Hearne, at Oxford, in 1727, under the name of Elmham, is not the production of that old ecclesiastic, as conjectured by Hearne. From what we have seen in this condensed dissertation of the results of Dr. Lenz's investigations, we shall look forward with sanguine expectation to the completion of his work.

THE Paris corps of firemen has taken long to reach its present perfection. The first police regulation on the subject dates, according to the *Débats*, from 1371; it required each householder to put a hoghead of water at his door under a penalty of ten sous. Another ordinance of 1524 required each inhabitant to keep watch after nine o'clock at night in certain places appointed, to put a lantern with a lighted candle in the window, and to provide a supply of water. In spite of these precautions, however, it was found necessary, at the fire at the palace in 1618, to collect all the

water from wells and the Seine, into the middle of the city, and to form a huge lake round the fire by damming it in with heaps of straw. In 1670 an ordinance of M. de la Reynie, lieutenant of police, required all master-masons, carpenters, and tilers of the capital to report their place of abode to the commissaries of police of their quarters, under penalty of a fine of 300 livres and the loss of their freedom. All buckets and other vessels for extinguishing fire were to be left with various local authorities. The real organisation of the fire brigade began in 1722. The Duke of Orleans had presented the town of Paris with thirty pumps; a corps of sixty men was raised at the expense of the State, and placed under the command of the lieutenant-general of police. In 1770 the number of firemen was increased to 146, and in 1789 to 263, with fifty-six pumps and forty-two buckets: the men were strictly forbidden to receive any gratuity. The National Convention established the corps of Sapeurs-pompier, leaving it, however, subject to the municipality; and in 1821 a royal ordinance made it a branch of the army, and placed it under the Ministry for War. Lastly, the decree of 1850 gave it its present organisation. Its force is now 1,498 men, costing the municipality about 1,150,000 francs.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

SOME four weeks ago we announced that the murderer of Lieut. McCausland R.N., who, as our readers may remember, was massacred last year on the East Coast of Africa, while engaged in service for the suppression of the slave trade, had been captured and taken into Zanzibar. We now learn from private advices, that though there can be no doubt as to the man so captured being the real culprit, he has been allowed to get off with a sentence of imprisonment by the Arab authorities. This is much to be regretted, not only on account of the failure of justice, but on the far more serious ground of the state of complete insecurity in which such an act as this at once places the lives of all European settlers or travellers on the coast. The restraint the Arabs and others place on themselves in dealing with Europeans will disappear altogether when they once realise the fact that their lives will not be held answerable for the safety of such Europeans as chance or opportunity may place in their power.

WE announced some weeks ago that Mr. Ney Elias, the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medallist for 1873, had left England for India, with the view of obtaining encouragement from Government to penetrate into Sikkim and Tibet. We now hear that Mr. Ney Elias has been temporarily attached, by the Viceroy's order, to the Foreign Office at Calcutta. Should the prospects in the Sikkim direction not prove favourable, there seems to be a good opening in Upper Burmah and Yunnan. Since the collapse of the Panthays, the Chinese are flocking there in great numbers, and at present there is a Chinese embassy at Mandalay.

MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM is, we understand, at present busily engaged in the preparation of the second edition of the most valuable Moral and Material Progress Report of India, which was published under his superintendence last year. This edition will bring the Report up to March, 1873.

DR. G. BIRDWOOD has been appointed one of the honorary secretaries to the committee for the extension of the buildings of the University of Edinburgh. The sum required to be raised is, we believe, 40,000.

WE hear that an expedition under the command of Mr. Wiggins, of Sunderland, will shortly sail for the Arctic regions.

THE stir that was made last year to induce the Government to fit out another Arctic expedition appears to have completely died away. We trust the learned societies are not going to let the matter drop through altogether.

We learn that a movement has been set on foot which has for its object the assistance of Lieut. Cameron in his present somewhat dangerous position. Our readers may remember that of the four members who originally formed the expedition for the relief of Livingstone, Lieut. Cameron is now the only one remaining in Africa. Two, Dr. Dillon and Mr. Moffatt, are dead, and Lieut. Murphy returned with Livingstone's body to the coast. Cameron determined at all hazards, and in the most plucky manner, to push into Ujiji by himself, and save what might there remain of Dr. Livingstone's effects and papers. The funds at the disposal of the Geographical Society in connexion with Livingstone's discoveries having been quite exhausted, there seemed some danger that Cameron's useful work, and possibly invaluable discoveries, might suddenly be brought to a complete standstill through want of means. We are glad, therefore, to announce that a private subscription list, in which are to be found the names of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Westminster, and many other influential persons, has been opened with Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., Pall Mall.

From Nagasaki we learn that Good Friday was kept as the birthday of H. M. Jenmutenne, the first Emperor of Japan. The Government offices were closed, and a great number of people attended the Suwa temple to worship him. This Emperor, it is said, was born in the Huga province in the island of Kishiu, and conquered all the islands of the Empire, excepting only Nippon, which was still in a state of confusion and darkness. He ultimately conquered the remaining parts of the country, and took possession of them, accompanied by his son and brothers. He killed and captured the chiefs, and having gained a complete victory, he removed the capital to Kashiwabara in the Yamato province, and was there crowned. These events occurred about 2,544 years ago.

A BUENOS AYRES newspaper gives an account of an excursion across the Andes. Among the points reached was Vilcomayo, 14,533 feet above the level of the sea. The excursionists brought back copies of two excellent journals—one *El Ciudadano*, published at Pano; the other, *El Herald*, published at Cuzco, both towns being more than 12,000 feet above the sea-level. At Cerro de Pasco, 14,000 feet high, another journal is published, devoted to literature and the mining industry. Vilcomayo, situated in the midst of the supreme desolation of the Andes, and at a height at which no European could live, possesses a railway, an American hotel, a square, forty or fifty houses inhabited by the railway staff, a station, shops, coal-yards, and all that denotes a busy mining colony. There are also many huts occupied by thousands of workmen, chiefly Chilians, Bolivians, Peruvians, and Indians.

The *Corriere di Como* gives the following report of the St. Gothard railway. There has been a falling in at the gallery of Bissoni, and all the mason work at the entrance has given way and has to be recommenced a third time. From Bellinzona they write that further surveys of the line from Bellinzona to Lugano demonstrate the impossibility of reaching the height of the gallery of the Monte Ceneri, as originally projected. It may with difficulty be carried fifteen metres lower. Hence the whole plan must be changed, and the gallery, instead of being from 1,800 to 1,900 metres long will be about 2,700 metres. The excavations for the railway stations are begun in the district of Mendrisio and will be rapidly pushed forward. The building at Mendrisio already assumes an elegant and important aspect. The vault of the tunnel near Breganzona will, at the desire of the municipality, be raised, and two shafts made to admit air and light. The tunnels, as a measure of public safety, will be lighted with gas.

We learn from *The States* that the Yellowstone Expedition returned to Bozeman, Montana, on the 13th ult., in a somewhat battered and exhausted

condition, having been harassed in their march during nearly the whole of April by the Indians. The command penetrated the country to the neighbourhood of Tongue River. Four pitched battles were fought, in which it is claimed that 100 Indians were killed, while the troops had one man killed and two wounded, and twenty horses killed.

THE *Messenger de Taïti*, a paper published by the administration of the French settlements in Oceania, gives an interesting account of the culture of the pearl-bearing oyster on these shores, furnished by Lieutenant Mariat, a resident at Tuamotu, where it is carried on on a large scale. The choice of a locality appears to be the first consideration, one where there is a gentle current being preferable. A sandy bottom kills the oysters; a stony is better, but in it they develop but slowly; a gravelly bottom is also good, but has the same objection as the stony. The best that can be chosen is a bottom of living branching corallines, where they alone thrive, and if one cannot be found, it must be made artificially. Little bits of coral must be scattered over the place chosen, or, better still, little coral rocks, which fasten at once to the ground. The coral must not be left more than an hour out of the water, or it will be killed. It is to be surrounded by a wall of dry stones, and the young oysters distributed in compartments, their mouths turned upwards in the direction of the current, packed side by side, like books on a shelf. At the end of a year the oyster will have attained the size of a small plate, after which it will not increase in bulk, but in weight. Three years suffice to obtain good mother-o'-pearl. When the oyster has produced its young, it abandons them to the stream; they fix themselves to the sides of the stone wall. Care must be taken to protect them, as the corallines, so favourable to the development of the oyster, are most destructive of the young.

THE Austrian corvette *Friedrich* has at length left her moorings at Pola, and started on her East Asiatic cruise, which is to extend over two years. At Shanghai the corvette is to take on board the Austrian Minister for Japan, Siam and China, Herr von Schaffner, whose assumption of his diplomatic office is to be marked by great ceremonies. The last commission of the *Friedrich* will be to transport from the Great Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia, in 1876, all the Austrian goods exhibited.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* has recently published a detailed report of the damage occasioned by the inundations which occurred at the beginning of last month in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi. In Louisiana alone an area of 2,300,000 acres has been submerged, and more than 25 per cent. of this was planted with cotton, sugar, and cereals of different kinds. Between Housatonic and Bolivar, on the Mississippi, the whole valley of Yazoo has been converted into an inland sea, while all the land between the sources of the Amite, in Mississippi, to Lake Ponchartrain was still under water when the report was drawn up. All the bridges on the river north of New Orleans have been swept away, and scarcely a saw-mill along the entire stream has escaped serious damage. In Arkansas the actual loss of property has been less, although a million and a half acres have been flooded; but at the mouths of the Onachita and the Black River the destruction has been so great that months must elapse before any improvement can be looked for. When the waters rose the inhabitants of the low lands found themselves hemmed in by the overpowering rush of two rivers, with no means of escape except by retreating to the roofs and upper stories of their houses, and leaving their cattle and all their crops and farm produce to perish. According to one account, dated New Orleans, May 2, the waters of the Mississippi were at that time still forcing their way through a self-cut channel which had completely overwhelmed

the great cotton-growing districts of Madison, Tensas, Concordia, and Carroll, on to Memphis, and was pouring forth its waters with a velocity and copiousness never before observed in the case of the Mississippi. Some American newspapers have gone so far as to attempt to estimate the force and volume of the flow of the waters at 2,000 millions of cubic feet in the hour, but although we may not be prepared to accept the accuracy of so definite a determination, there can unfortunately be no question of the terrible dimensions of the ruin which has been and is still being brought upon the region of the Mississippi, where the rice and tobacco crops appear to be wholly lost, and the cotton and sugar plantations almost equally injured.

HERR Ernst Mosshach, writing in *Das Ausland*, speaks of the physiognomy of the Indians he met with during his travels. While the primitive inhabitants of America, from north to south, seem to have been of a red colour, with flat faces, low foreheads, black hair and gloomy expression, he frequently met with Indians having Greek and Roman profiles, and some with countenances that involuntarily reminded him of well-known Europeans; heads like Schiller's not being rare. Upon close examination he found the same facial peculiarities of individuals that we notice in Europe, accompanied with similar mental diversity. Among his lowest specimens the question of whether man or beast was not answerable without doubt.

We learn that the King of Portugal has created Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., a Knight Commander of the Order of Jesus Christ. This honour has been conferred upon Mr. Markham in recognition of the many valuable services rendered by him to scientific geography generally, and more especially as an acknowledgment of the light which through Mr. Markham's researches has been thrown upon the labours and discoveries of ancient Portuguese geographers.

THE science of geography has received another mark of esteem at the hands of royalty, in the person of Mr. Leigh Smith, who has been presented by the King of Sweden with the Order of the Polestar, in reward for his services in relieving the Swedish Arctic expedition in Spitzbergen.

By private advices from Zanzibar we learn that the *Malacca*, one of the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company, had commenced the new service contracted for between the company and the French Government, and had returned to Zanzibar from her first trip to Mayotte, Nossi Bé, the Comoro Islands, and Madagascar. The *Malacca* was absent twenty-five days in all, having sailed from Zanzibar on March 10, returning there on April 4. She had to go into quarantine on returning to Mayotte from Nossi Bé, as there was a suspicion of dengue fever existing at the latter port.

The trade thus opened should prove very lucrative. The company must, however, expect much opposition in Madagascar, which will certainly become eventually their most valuable field of operations. At present, however, the reigning race, the Hovas, are known to be most inimical to trade, and especially to export trade. The tariffs at the custom houses are exorbitantly high, amounting in some cases to as much as 25 per cent. *ad valorem* duty; and in no case does any produce, either for import or export, suffer a less duty than 10 per cent. These regulations must, however, be altered in course of time.

SIR WILLIAM TITE'S LIBRARY.

THE sale of this important collection of rare books and manuscripts began on Monday, May 18, and was not concluded until Thursday in this week. We give here an account of some of the most interesting lots put up to auction by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., with the prices realised:—

Thirteen volumes of original autograph letters by distinguished persons of every class, with memoirs of the writers, 325l. A fine fifteenth century block-book, "Apocalypsis Sancti Joannis," 285l.

"Biblia, the Bible, that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe, by Miles Coverdale, Prynted in the yeaere of oure Lorde MDXXXV." This was the first edition of the Bible printed, and so excessively rare that no perfect copy is known. This specimen realised 150l.

A first edition of the "Breeches Bible," Geneva, 1560, 27l.

"The Golden Legende, conteynynge the Lyves and Hystories taken out of the Bible, and Legendes of the Saintes," black letter, woodcuts, fine copy, but wanting six leaves; morocco, small folio, 1503, 96l. A very curious fact relating to this is that the editor and translator, William Caxton, has used the word "breches" in the rendering of Gen. iii. 7. "And thence they toke fygge levys and sewed them togyder for to cover theyr membes in the maner of breches;" showing that the Genevan version is not the original of this expression.

Bonaparte.—Autograph letters, chiefly from illustrious Frenchmen, including letters from nearly every individual of the Bonaparte family addressed to Madame Mère, also an unpublished poem by Frederick the Great, &c., 89l.

Caxton.—"Ranulph Higden, Monke of Chester, Polychronicon," first edition, 1482, 150l.

W. Caxton.—"Here begynneth the Booke called the Myrrour of the World" (by Gautier de Metz), black letter, 1491, 455l.

A copy of the second edition of "Don Quixote," Madrid, 1608, fetched 27l. 10l., and an original manuscript of "Chatterton's Poems," 12l. Pynson's first edition of Chaucer's "Boke of the Tales of Canterbury," wanting 12 leaves, 30l.; the only perfect copy known of this is in Earl Spencer's library at Althorp.

"Cocker's Arithmetic," composed by E. Cocker, first edition (only three or four copies known), portrait, calf extra, 12mo., printed for T. Passinger on London Bridge, &c., 1678, 14l. 10s. A 52nd edition of this book appeared in 1748. Even Dr. Dibdin was never able to see any one printed before 1700, and mentions the 32nd as the earliest he had met with.

S. T. Coleridge's "Poetical Effusions," with notes, autograph manuscript of the poet, morocco, folio, 37l. 10s.

Thomas Coryate's "Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in Five Moneth's Travels in France, Savoy, &c. . . . Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe, in the county of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this kingdom," 4to, 1611, 21l.

G. Daniel's Merrie England in the olden time, 112l.

N. Jarry.—"Prières Dévotes," manuscript on vellum, in the exquisite calligraphy of the artist. 16mo, 1645, 53l.

The first edition of Ben Jonson's "Comicall Satyre of every Man out of his Humor," 1600, 16l.

John Knox's "Historie of the Church of Scotland," original edition, 1584, 26l. 10s.

"Lectionarium, continens Epistolas et Evangelia," manuscript on vellum, small folio, 550l.

"Lectionarium Ecclesie Romanæ," 6l. 10s.

"Lectionarium et Sequentiae cum Antiphonario et Oracionibus pro Festis Ecclesie Romanæ," 99l. This manuscript is said to have been the gift of Pope Leo X. to Cardinal Bembo.

A. Leighton—"Appeal to the Parliament; or, Sion's Plea against the Prelacie," with two curious engravings; fine copy in morocco, small 4to. Printed the year and moneth wherein Rochell was lost (September, 1628)—7l. 2s. 6d. For writing this work the author was twice publicly whipped and pilloried in Cheap-side, had his ears cut off, his nose twice slit, and his cheeks branded with "S.S." (sower of sedition), and was imprisoned eleven years in the Fleet.

J. Leyland.—"Laborious Journey and Serche for England's Antiquities, enlarged by Johan Bale," black letter, in the original calf binding, 16mo.; "emprinted by Johan Bale," 1549—22l.

"C. Linnæi Systema Naturæ," 2 vols. in 3, uncut, interleaved and filled with innumerable notes in the autograph of Thomas Gray the poet; Holmiae, 1758—59—42l. 10s.

W. Lithgow.—"Most Delectable and True Dis-

course of an Admired and Painful Peregrination from Scotland to the most famous kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa," with commendatory verses, by Patrick Hannay, Robert Allen, and John Murray; small 4to., 1623—18l.

Longus.—"Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloë (traduites du Grec par Jacques Amyot)," fine impressions of the engravings made after designs by the present Duke of Orleans; small 8vo; Paris, 1718—137l.

"Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles," black letter, in verse and prose, fine copy in calf, small 4to, printed by T. C. and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, 1604—70l.

J. Milton.—"A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634" ("Comus"), first edition, portrait by Dolle; small 4to, 1637—21l.

J. Milton.—"Lycidas"—"Obsequies to the Memory of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom. 1638," verses in Greek and Latin, among which is "Lycidas," first edition; small 4to. Camb., 1638—37l.

Milton's "Poems," both English and Latin (including "Juvenile Poems" and "Comus"), first collective edition; small 8vo. 1645—10l. 10s.

Milton's "Paradise Lost, a Poem," first edition, with two additional title-pages, with the name of S. Simmons, in 1668 and 1669, small 4to., Peter Parker, 1667, 22l.

Milton's Autograph. Dante, L'Amoroso Convivio, Vinegia, 1529.—G. della Cassa Rime et Prose; on the title-page in the autograph of the Poet is written, "Io. Milton pre 10d 1629 triest," and at the end of the Rime is an entire sonnet transcribed by Milton from the edition of 1623, ivi, 1563, Varchi Sonetti, 40l.

Milton Autographs, two works formerly in the possession of the Poet.—1. A. Rosse, "Mel Heliconium," with verses addressed to Rosse on his Mel in the autograph of Milton, signed I. M. and a couplet, also holograph, 16mo, 1646. 2. "Le Vieux," "Natura Brevium," with autograph signature of the Poet, "Iohes Milton me possidet;" black letter, 16mo, R. Tottell, 1584, 88l.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

BURKE, E., Select Works. Edited, &c., by E. J. Payne, B.A. Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

FURNESS, Mrs. H. H. A Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems. Trübner.

LA FIZELLE, A. de, CHAMFLEURY, et F. HENRIET. La Vie et l'œuvre de Chintreuil. Paris: Cadart. 35 fr.

LEE, J. E. Roman Imperial Photographs; being a selection of forty enlarged photographs of Roman coins. Longmans. 31s. 6d.

PRESSAT, E. de. La liberté religieuse en Europe depuis 1870. Paris: Sandos et Fischbacher. 4 fr.

SWINBURNE, A. C. Bothwell. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

VAN VLOTEN, J. Nederlands Schilderkunst van de 14^e tot de 18^e eeuw. Amsterdam: Van Kampen.

VINET, E. L'art et l'archéologie. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

History.

BOISSIER, G. La religion romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.

DELISLE, L. Mandements et actes divers de Charles V. (1364—1380), recueillis dans les collections de la Bibliothèque nationale. Paris: Imp. Nat.

FALLES, L. Etudes historiques et philosophiques sur les civilisations. Aztèque. Amérique du centre, péruvienne.

Domination des Incas. Royaume de Quito. Océanie. T. 2. Paris: Garnier.

FOSTER, J. Pedigrees of the County Families of Yorkshire. Vols. I. and II. West Riding. W. Wilfred Head, Plough Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.

GAH institutionum libri IV. Ed. G. Studemund. Leipzig: Hirzel. 12 Thl.

LETTRES, instructions diplomatiques et papiers d'Etat du Cardinal de Richelieu, par M. Avenel. Tome VII^e. Paris: Firmin Didot. 12 fr.

PASTOR LETTRES, The. Edited by James Gairdner. Vol. II. Arber. 7s. 6d.

SATAS, C. Bibliotheca Græca mediæ ævi. Tomus IV. M. Pælii Historia byzantina et alia opuscula. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.

SEEBOM, F. The Era of the Protestant Revolution. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

WALCOTT, M. B. C. Scott-Monasticon: The Ancient Church of Scotland. A History of the Cathedrals, Conventual Foundations, Collegiate Churches, and Hospitals of Scotland. Virtue. 42s.

Physical Science, &c.

BLITT, A. Norges Flora eller Beskrivelse af de i Norge vildtvoksende Karplanter tilligemed Angivelser af deres Udbreidelse. 2den Del, 1ste Hefte. Christiania: Cammermeyer.

ERMANN, A., and H. PETERSEN. Die Grundlagen der Gaus'schen Theorie und Erscheinungen d. Erdmagnetismus im J. 1829. Berlin: Reimer. 2 Thl.

SAIGY, E. Les Sciences au XVIII^e Siècle. La Physique de Voltaire. Paris: Baillière. 5 fr.

SHARPE, Bowdler. A Catalogue of the Birds in the British Museum. Vol. I., containing the Accipitres, or Diurnal Birds of Prey. Quaritch. 21s.

SPTZER, E. Neue Studien über Integration linearer Differential-Gleichungen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 Thl.

Philology.

ADAM, L. De l'harmonie des voyelles dans les langues ouralo-altaïques. Paris: Maisonneuve. 3 fr. 50 c.

HALÉVY, J. Mélanges d'épigraphie et d'archéologie sémitiques. Paris: Maisonneuve.

MARAZZI, A. Teatro scelto Indiano. Volume secondo: Mudrāṅkasa. Dhurtasamagama. Milano: Hoepli. 4 fr.

MICHAEL, H. De Ammiani Marcellini studiis Ciceronianis. Breslau: Kober. 3 Thl.

CORRESPONDENCE.

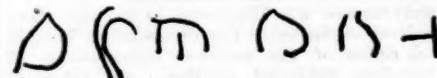
THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HISSARLIK INSCRIPTIONS.

Oxford: May 24, 1874.

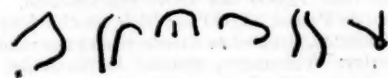
In order to remove my doubts as to the varieties of each Cyprian letter which actually occur in inscriptions, and which in the alphabet cast for the Berlin Academy had necessarily to be merged into one common type, Professor Gomperz, of Vienna, has kindly sent me the following copies of the Hissarlik inscriptions which he has deciphered, with such varieties of each letter as he has himself carefully copied from other Cyprian inscriptions. His copies of the Hissarlik inscriptions are taken from photographs which Dr. Schliemann had expressly made for him, and which, on several points, differ from the copies, as photographed from drawings, given in his own book. His tracings of the corresponding Cyprian letters are taken from casts and photographs of the original inscriptions. I may quote his own words: "I have not schematised, I have enlarged or reduced nothing. Every dot, every twist is copied with slavish accuracy from the best Cyprian documents. Nor have I allowed myself to be eclectic, and to mix the letters of different periods and localities."

Ta. go. i. di. o. i.

Hissarlik, T. 13, No. 432.

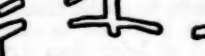
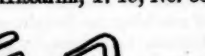
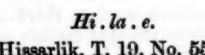
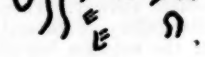
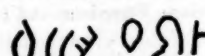
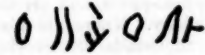


Hissarlik, T. 6, No. 208.



Cyprian varieties of the same letters.

41. 45. 12. 41. 8. 9.



Hi. la. e.

Hissarlik, T. 19, No. 555.



Cyprian varieties.

43.

20.

40 (?)



Ego tapatoroi.

Cyprian varieties.

42. ? 9. 30. 11. 25. ?

ⲉⲥⲧⲉⲣⲟⲓ

Hissarlik, T. 190, No. 3,474.

ⲉⲥⲧⲉⲣⲟⲓ

No. 30, $\overline{\tau}$, *po* and *pa* (Brandis, No. 30) frequently written $\overline{\tau}$, corresponding to the Babylonian syllabic sign $\overline{\tau}$, properly inclined, but here perpendicular.

Hissarlik, T. 168, No. 3,273, and 3,278.

si ta? ko di | i ti ka go o

ⲉⲥⲧⲉⲣⲟⲓ

Hissarlik, T. 11, No. 356.

ⲉ ko go i

Accepting these statements of Professor Gompertz, I can only repeat my conviction that his decipherment of the first inscription, *Tagoi dioi*, seems to me almost beyond reasonable doubt. The interpretation of the other inscriptions is more open to criticism. The arrangement of the letters in No. 555, to judge from Dr. Schliemann's photographs, is very irregular, one letter only, as far as I can see, being on the seal, the others on the outside; while in No. 3,474, the second letter, which Professor Gompertz reads *go*, is unlike any other form of *go* which I can find. The style of this inscription, too, is strange, to say the least, nor are all the marks which I have on my copy of the stone accounted for in the decipherment by Dr. Gompertz. However, we must wait for the larger work which Professor Gompertz is preparing on the subject of the Cyprian inscriptions.

In the Report of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, April 14, there are nine Cyprian inscriptions read and deciphered by Dr. Gompertz.

MAX MÜLLER.

Note. I have added the figures to each Cyprian letter, according to the order in which they are given by Brandis, *Versuch zur Entzifferung der Kyprischen Schrift*.—M.M.

EVE AND THE RIB.

Berlin: May 19, 1874.

I just see, from the ACADEMY of May 16, that an etymological explanation of the name of Eve suggested by me, has not only been noticed in the ACADEMY, but has even had the honour of being discussed by Mr. Poole. This will, I hope, justify me in putting before you more fully the arguments on which my etymology was founded, and I shall do this by replying *seriatim* to Mr. Poole's objections.

1. If Mr. Poole asserts that al-havānī, ribs, is the plural of a singular hanijātun, I must confess my ignorance of the existence of such a singular. We all know that there is a word hanijātun, but that word does not mean rib. Hanijātun, as a singular of the plural havānīn, is a pure grammatical fiction, nowhere to be found in the *thesaurus* of real Arabic.

2. That havānīn must of necessity be traced back to a trilateral root hnv or hnj, i.e., to a radical word hanā, is no doubt in accordance with

the commonly received rules on plurals of the favā'ilu class; but within this class plurals like havānīn; i.e., plurals having but two firm consonants, require a particular treatment—nay, I might say, that every single one of them requires its own individual treatment. Mr. Poole would hardly feel inclined, for instance, to treat the plural mavānīn, harbour, as belonging to a verbal root, manā. Plurals of this class are frequently without any singular at all, or are to be classed as *pluralia tantum* on account of the peculiar meaning which they have, besides sharing many affections which distinguish weak bases in all Semitic dialects, and which bring many of these plural forms into close relation not only with stems *mediae*, but also *tertiæ semivocalis*. I only mention kavānīn, rhymes (kaḥā and kāfa, sectatus est); davānī (danā and dāna, vilis fuit); havāschinī (haschā, closely related to hāschā); djavānī (with a parallel form djavārun, from djāra). If other scholars acknowledge the possible derivation of some of these plurals from biliteral roots, I am content with drawing from these observations this conclusion at least, that in several of them the *v* in the second place is not simply a formative element of the plural, but somehow or other connected with a radical *v*, §, ||

3. Following this line of reasoning, it would have been perfectly legitimate to trace back havānīn, if not to hanā, still to hāna (stem hvn). That root exists, but has nothing to do with ribs, but only with time. On the other hand, it seemed to me when I first wrote on this subject—and it seems to me so still—that we cannot but recognise an intimate connexion between the word for ribs and the root hvj, meaning (1) to embrace; (5) to

* The formation of the *plurales fracti* from singular forms, adduced by grammarians, is mostly based on accidental and purely empirical abstractions, not on a real internal development. The form favā'ilu stands by itself, as having alone (in Arabic and Ethiopic) received a syllabic increment behind the first radical letter. In this particular formation, however, so far as it refers to trilateral roots, I should feel inclined to admit the possibility of a real internal development. It seems to me that one might in the singular form fa'il(un), or fa'ila(tun) look upon ā as a representation of an original av, so that the form favā'ilu, formed by insertion, would be an organic development of fav'ilun. The o of the Hebrew part. pō'el should here be taken into account, though grammarians generally treat it as an obscured ā, Arabic scholars might prefer to represent this process as caused by the insertion of v between two a's, as representative of the Elif hamsatum, making favā'ilu to stand for fa'ā'ilu.

† If it were possible to derive this plural from mā'un (base mv), water, it would form an excellent analogon to havānī from hv. I am content, however, to abide by the ordinary view which makes it a plural of the singular minā, this minā being represented as a derivation from the Greek μινῆ, after losing the l which was supposed to be the Arabic article.

‡ The close connexion of the two stems haschā and hāschā has been limited by Lane, in accordance with the views of native lexicographers. Hāschā, which is frequently written hāschā, is declared to be the only right spelling. The point of coincidence, however, between the two roots, is not thereby eliminated. Formations such as hūschijjūn, unsocial; hūschigatun, inability for society; hūvāschatun, horrendum, cannot be severed from the base hāschā. (See also conj. iii. and v. of the same).

§ In Hebrew, ḥ in the second place is in many words purely formative, but this does not exclude its being radical in others. Interesting in this respect is the substantive schō'ah from a base med. v, while in the verb we have only the base tert. v. (Ewald, § 186, c. 72 b.)

|| Cases in which bases med. and tert. semivocalis form at the same time regular plurals of the form favā'ilu are scarce; for instance, bavā'iku (bāka) and bavākin (bakā). Nor is it by accident that Arabic lexicographers remark that bāka is not a genuine Arabic base (Lane, I. i. 276; therefore introduced after the schema of the forms had been established). Very instructive—though, of course, for the etymologist only—is the plural davāḥīnu. There is no corresponding singular form from a root dhv. Gram-

marians employ it as an anomaly with the singular duḥḥānū. That there was a root dāḥa (dhv) with the same meaning, is proved by dāḥūn, nocturnal darkness, which does not belong to dāḥa, to subject (trans. and reflect.), but to the group dhv (cf. dāḥnānū, nocturnal darkness), and presupposes as to form a base dhv. The consequences as to v in davāḥīnu, and for the secondary character of n in the form are palpable.

¶ With reference to hanā it will have to be admitted that "benders" may mean sinews, but hardly bone.

** Gesenius remarks in his *Thesaurus* (s. v. hbl): "The syllables hab, hab, ab, av, etc., have the meaning of breathing. In Hebrew hav refers to the breath of the pectoral cavity, while pū'ch refers to labial, nū'ch to nasal, rū'ch to faucal breathing. In Arabic, the words havā'itu, circumvallatio, havālī, surrounding, are connected with hav.

†† This is not affected by Lane giving the number of the ribs as four, for they are to be taken as two pairs. In Hebrew common duals remain even when referring to odd numbers. Seven eyes, not 'enim, but 'enayim.

‡‡ Consider the well-known formation of plurals in Hebrew, Arabic, and Ethiopic, from plurals; also 'elōhim, sing. In the opposite direction we see plurals, such as schāmajim, majim, become really duals. Majim is treated as singular and becomes pluralised, memā'iv, his waters. In the singular, Jeruschalēm we see before our eyes the final lēm developed to a dual lajīm. The notorious crux of Ibn Mukbil, viz., tau'abānījāni, may possibly be removed by admitting a popular dual tau'abāni, raised to a new dual tau'abāni, with the 'i fixed. (Base v'b; cf. va'bun, goblet; va'batun, well.)

become round, hollow, or vaulted.¶ The question how from such a root a form such as havānīn could have arisen, may be solved by remembering the ingenious theory of Ewald, proposed as long ago as 1844, on the formation of the pluralis fractus. According to him, the type of most of the forms which here concern us would have to be explained by the process of an introversive termination of the plural termination ān. (See *Zeitschrift für Kunde des Morgenlandes*, 1844, pp. 420, 433; *Hebräische Grammatik*, 8th ed. § 177 b.) According to this view, ān in havānīn would have found its way between the second and third consonant of the root hvj, although, as Ewald remarks, our historical knowledge of the language enables us to see the ā only, never the full ān. I did not consider it, therefore, very bold to recognise in al-havānī (for the indefinite havānīn, again, is hardly to be met with) an original dual form of a simple hav (possibly hū, root hv), which form, when its dual character had been forgotten, assumed the ordinary plural termination. Thus hav would stand to havā (hvj) as 'ab to 'abā, not as derived, but as primitive.** To recognise in it a dual was suggested by the nature of the case, by expressions such as 'ahrāni, ruhbetāni, etc., all signifying pairs of ribs; †† and, as to its form, by the well-known formation of duals of biliterals, such as ḡavāni, jadāni, damāni, hanāni; also 'abāni and aḡāni. If Mr. Poole, in the third instance declares that a biliteral root of the plural havānīn, could only be hn, not hv, I beg to reply, that exactly because I knew this to be the case, I tried to explain havānīn by the admission of an original dual form. The difficulty, no doubt, is the lengthening of i to ī, which I feel more strongly than even Mr. Poole, but which I cannot bring myself to consider as unsurmountable. It would be out of place to appeal to the treatment of final vowels in *pausa* and in *metre*, or of the pronominal suffix of the first person, except so far as it shows that the Arabic ear was not entirely enslaved by the strict rules of grammar. Al-havānī, instead of al-havāni, is no more startling than al-djavāru instead of al-djavāri, etc. The plural termination āni was so familiar to the Arabic ear that we meet with ḡavānī instead of ḡavānibu. That a language may lose the traditional consciousness of a numerical form is something so well known to Semitic and other scholars that it would hardly seem courteous to remind Mr. Poole of such a fact.††

I need hardly say that it was not my intention to enrich Arabic school-grammars with a new dual in *ani*, or to cavil in any way at the exquisite carefulness with which Arabic lexicographers have forced the whole fauna of their language through the narrow gates of triliteral roots. But to the etymologist, to the historian of language, it is not only permitted, but, in cases like the present, it becomes his first duty to look through and beyond this carefully woven net of grammarians, and to watch language where it lives and grows on its native soil, in the mouths of the people, in the anomalies of the streets, and in the misunderstandings of the nursery.

P. KLEINERT.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, June 6,	1 p.m.	Sale at Christie's of the Barker Collection.
	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: Mr. R. A. Proctor on "The Planetary System."
	"	Institute of Actuaries: Anniversary.
	"	Crystal Palace Fourth Summer Concert (English Music).
	"	New Philharmonic Concert (St. James's Hall).
MONDAY, June 8,	8 p.m.	E. Silas's Concert (St. George's Hall).
	8.30 p.m.	First Night of <i>Giroflé-Girofla</i> at the Opéra Comique.
	1 p.m.	Sale at Christie's of the Italian and French Decorative Objects in the Barker Collection.
	2 p.m.	Sir Julius Benedict's Annual Concert (St. James's Hall).
	8 p.m.	London and Middlesex Archaeological: Mr. T. Milbourn on "The History of Royston," Mr. W. Rye to exhibit and describe a series of Diaries and Account-books kept by the family of Isham, of Lamport, from 1626 to 1737.
TUESDAY, June 9,	8.30 p.m.	Royal United Service Institution: Major J. P. Morgan on "Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Systems for Guns."
	1 p.m.	Sale at Sotheby's of the Old English Porcelain of R. Colson Taylor, Esq.
	8 p.m.	Photographic. Anthropological Institute.
WEDNESDAY, June 10,	3 p.m.	Royal Literary Fund.
	"	Madame Nilsson's Concert (St. James's Hall).
	4.15 p.m.	Royal Society of Literature.
	8 p.m.	Geological. Archaeological Association.
	"	New Philharmonic Concert (St. James's Hall).
THURSDAY, June 11,	8.30 p.m.	First Night of <i>L'Article 47</i> at the Princess's Theatre.
	3 p.m.	Mlle. Kreche's Second Piano Recital (St. James's Hall).
	8 p.m.	Society of Arts: General Meeting. Mathematical.
	8.30 p.m.	Royal: Papers by Mr. J. N. Lockyer, Professor Roscoe and Mr. A. Schuster, Professor Owen, Mr. R. Mallet, and Dr. Burdon Sanderson.
	"	Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, June 12,	1 p.m.	Sale at Christie's of Sevres porcelain.
	3 p.m.	Hallé's Sixth Recital (St. James's Hall).
	4 p.m.	Professor Bunnell Lewis's First Lecture at University College on "Classical Archaeology."
	7 p.m.	Literary and Artistic.
	8 p.m.	New Shakespeare Society: Rev. F. G. Play on "Certain Plays of Shakespeare of which portions were written at different periods from other portions."
	"	Astronomical. Quætt Club.

SCIENCE.

An Introduction to the Critical Philosophy. Intended for the Use of Students. By W. H. S. Monck, Barrister-at-Law. (Dublin: William McGee, 1874.)

This is an excellent little book, which will well repay the attention of all students of Kant. It contains in the short space of 168

pages a summary and an interpretation of the Critic of Pure Reason. The mode of treatment is clear and straightforward, well calculated to let in light upon a subject which there is always so much temptation to make a mystery of.

The author is himself a Kantian, and the object of his special admiration is the wonderful construction to which the Transcendental Analytic is devoted. Of this he says, at p. 75:—

"The doctrine of the Schematism forms the key to the whole of its elaborate superstructure. The Categories are mere empty forms unless we can obtain objects to subsume under them; but this can only be done by means of the Schemata, which, in realising the Categories, at the same time restrict their application to objects of possible experience. The Categories without Schemata are perfectly indeterminate."

This is striking the right note. And the Principles are then shown to complete what the Schemata have begun. The Schemata work up the "manifold of sense" into a shape fitting it for union with the Categories; are conditions of applying the Categories to sense, so as to produce experience. The Principles are the modes in which this application is effected. The Categories unite with the Schemata by or under the Principles. The "sensible manifold" must take the shape of Schemata before it becomes susceptible (so to speak) of the Categories; in their union the Principles are generated, which are the ultimate canons of judgment for all possible experience—Schemata, Categories, and Principles alike flowing from the single, central, subjective unity, the *Ich denke*.

There are parts of Mr. Monck's book in which it must be said that he seems not to be completely master of his subject; though even then he never ceases to be suggestive. One of these is his treatment of the Postulates of Empirical Thought, which are the fourth and last division of the Principles. Indeed he confesses his doubts as to the correctness of his exposition of the First Postulate, in a note at p. 70. But it must be remarked besides, that he does not give the true form of the Postulate itself. This runs, not as Mr. Monck gives it "The formal conditions of experience must be assumed as possible," but "Whatever agrees with the formal conditions of experience (in intuition and concepts) is possible." The statement is not that such and such conditions are possible, but that the objects imagined, schematised representations, under such and such conditions, are possible. The Postulates are in fact definitions of the objectively (or in experience) possible, actual, and necessary; definitions given by assigning the mode in which we form the notions of them. "They tell us," says Kant in the note on the third Postulate, "nothing else about a concept, but the act of the cognition-faculty by which it is produced." Its content remains unaltered, the same for all three Postulates.

One of the most instructive discussions in the book is that on the Fourth Antinomy, and its difference in structure from the other three, at p. 111. Its Antithesis is peculiar in taking the shape of a dilemma, the argument in all the other cases being a

demonstration *ex absurdo*. Again, the distinction, in the three first Antinomies, p. 104, of the Thesis as maintaining the Absolute, the Antithesis the Infinite, in Sir William Hamilton's sense, is most valuable; throwing light as it does on this later philosophy, the cardinal principle of which is thus seen to be nothing else than the *unsolved* Kantian Antinomies.

I cannot but think, however, that Mr. Monck is sailing on a false tack in attempting, as he does at p. 89, to bring the other two Ideas of the Reason, namely, the Soul and God, into more direct and complete relation with the Categories. The reason why there is this complete relation in the case of the Idea of the World is, that there is a real phenomenal world, with which the Idea of the World, or World *in itself*, is confused; and the dialectical mirage, *Schein* (which in this case is an Antinomy), arises, according to Kant, in applying the real forms of the real world to that real world itself, as if it was of the nature of the supposed one, the World *in itself*; to show which, these forms must be themselves examined, and the Categories directly applied. But wherever, in the Critic, the Categories are applied, we have them distributed under their four heads;—so in the Schemata; so in the Principles; so in the corresponding table of the four kinds of Nothing (by the way, how comes this instructive table to be omitted?); so, lastly, in the Antinomies. It is merely accidental to the Ideas of the Reason, that any of them should fall under the application of the table of Categories; they arise, as Mr. Monck very truly points out, from the three kinds of syllogisms, closing, as it were, the three vistas opened by those three methods of reasoning. It is only when there is a real phenomenal object, of like name with any of them, that they are subject to the application of the Categories.

When Mr. Monck raises the point of the nature and validity of the Law of Parsimony or Homogeneity, at pp. 149-152, he raises a question of the utmost importance. If Kantians should ever be driven to surrender the Categories as subjective law-giving to nature, they might possibly still entrench themselves behind the Law of Parsimony. But to enter on this subject would lead us too far.

In concluding, Mr. Monck points his readers to "one or two defects in the system itself to which the disciples of Kant should direct their attention, if the doctrine of their master is ever to be generally accepted." These are two—the position of the Noumenon in the Critical Philosophy, and the proper co-ordination of the Table of Categories: two points, it may be said, of very unequal importance. The first is one which lies at the root of the whole post-Kantian schism, Fichte's point of departure from Kant; and the very existence of Kantianism, as a system, seems to be involved in the possibility of maintaining at once the existence of Noumena, and their essential difference from Phenomena. Kantians, therefore, and post-Kantians alike may be glad to see this point brought prominently forward for discussion. SHADWORTH H. HODGSON.

Indische Studien: Beiträge für die Kunde des indischen Alterthums. Im Vereine mit mehreren Gelehrten herausgegeben von Dr. Albrecht Weber. Dreizehnter Band. (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1873.)

THE periodical publication of which the thirteenth volume forms the special subject of this notice was commenced in 1849. Three volumes are entirely occupied with the original texts of Sanskrit works of which complete editions had not previously appeared. Vols. vi. and vii. contain the hymns of the Rig Veda, edited by Professor Aufrecht, and in vol. xii. is printed the Taittiriya Sanhitā, both in the Roman character. Another volume, the eighth, is devoted to the subject of Indian metres.

The contents of the remaining volumes are of a miscellaneous character, such as shorter Indian texts with translations, analyses of different Sanskrit works, reviews of books in various departments of Indian literature, discussions on different questions of Indian literary history and antiquity, &c. &c. A great proportion of the contents of the volumes is from the pen of Professor Weber himself; but he has been largely assisted by other scholars.

Omitting any reference to the contributions of others, I may mention as among the most important of the editor's own articles those on the two legends from the Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa, regarding the deluge, and the immigration and diffusion of the Aryans in India, &c. (in vol. i.); the analyses of the Upanishads contained in Anquetil du Perron's translation (in vols. i., ii., and ix.); the account of the most recent researches on Buddhism; and the paper on the connexion between Indian and Greek fables (vol. iii.); the nuptial texts from the Vedas (vol. v.); the elaborate review of Professor Haug's translation of the Aitareya Brāhmaṇa (vol. ix.); and the collectanea on caste-relations in the Brāhmaṇas and Sūtras, and contributions to a knowledge of the Vedic ritual (vol. x.).

The volume which has just appeared contains four articles, all from the editor's own pen. The first (pp. 1-128) is on the "Pada-pāṭha of the Taittiriya Sanhitā," i.e. the particular form of the text of that work in which the words, and even elements of words, are given in their isolated state, without those final and initial phonetic changes which they undergo when combined into complete words, simple or compound. The second paper (pp. 129-216) contains a translation of the second book of the Atharva Veda, with explanatory notes. The third article (pp. 217-292) is a continuation of the paper on the "Vedic Ritual of Sacrifice," published in vol. x. The fourth article (pp. 293-496), of which I propose to give a more detailed account, relates to the Mahābhāṣya of Patanjali, illustrated by the Commentary of Kaiyaṇa, of which a complete (lithographed) edition, edited by two Pandits of the Government College in Benares, was published there in 1872. This work (then unpublished) had been already described in Professor Aufrecht's Catalogue of the Sanskrit MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and in Professor Goldstücker's Pāṇini. The Sūtras or aphorisms of the great Indian grammarian

Pāṇini were discussed by Kātyāyana in his Vārtikas, which do not form a complete commentary, but are merely a series of criticisms on such of the aphorisms as appeared to this author to be erroneous or defective, and are silent regarding those with which he had no fault to find. Patanjali, on the other hand, undertook the double task of controverting Kātyāyana, when he appeared to be wrong, and of criticising Pāṇini. He also leaves many of the aphorisms without any comment. Of these latter, however, many are elsewhere quoted by the two critics in question, while others must be presupposed as necessary for the explanation of some on which they comment. There still, however, remain a number of the rules ascribed to Pāṇini which are not thus certified, and many of which, as Professors Aufrecht and Weber suppose, may have arisen at a later period out of the Vārtikas, or critical observations on the original rules. The genuineness of the whole of Patanjali's work itself, as we now have it, is not, as Professor Weber considers, beyond the reach of doubt, as some grounds exist for supposing that the book, after having been mutilated or corrupted, was subsequently reconstructed, and at the same time perhaps received various additions from the pen of the compiler. We cannot, therefore, be quite sure that any particular portions of the existing work have proceeded from Patanjali himself, or consequently that the statements and references which they contain convey to us contemporary information in regard to the events and circumstances of his age. At the same time, Professor Weber remarks that the general impression produced by the contents of the work is decidedly favourable to the supposition of its genuineness. A further question arises, whether the fact of the book, as it stands, leaving so large a portion of Pāṇini's aphorisms untouched, does not result from the circumstance of its being merely a collection of fragments rescued from the wreck of the original commentary. This, however, Weber regards as an improbable supposition, since the work, as we have it, is distinguished by a character of essential unity, arising from its being mostly a defence of Pāṇini against Kātyāyana—a character which would be difficult to explain if it were merely a recombination of fragments of the original book. Having premised these reservations, Professor Weber proceeds to extract from the Mahābhāṣya a variety of particulars which throw light on the age of its author (or, at least, on that of the parts of the work in which these particulars are found), and on the political, religious, social, and literary condition of the contemporary Indians. Thus, illustrations of grammatical rules are given which contain allusions to sieges by a Grecian king, and to sacrifice performed on behalf of an Indian prince, Pushyamitra, which (even if we are to suppose that they are current examples borrowed by the author from his predecessors) at all events show that the writer who employs them was posterior to the historical events and persons referred to. These references, however, do not enable Professor Weber to fix Patanjali's date more precisely than by placing it somewhere between B.C. 160 and A.D. 60, though a different conclu-

sion is deduced from them by others. Among the items of contemporary information drawn by Professor Weber from the Mahābhāṣya, is a complaint of the writer of that work that the study of grammar, which had been diligently prosecuted in earlier times, was neglected in his own days,—a complaint, however, which Professor Weber considers to be shown by the other data supplied by the work, to be groundless. Professor Weber also finds in the book clear allusions to Buddhism; to a treatise on the Lokāyata or materialistic philosophy (while in one of the aphorisms of Pāṇini himself mention is already made of atheists and fatalists); to the Brahmanical deities of the Epic period, Śiva, Viṣṇu, &c.; to images of the gods; to Vāsudeva or Kṛṣṇa as a god or demigod, and to his having slain Kansa and bound Bali,—events which were represented in pictures and on the stage, and celebrated by bards; to the seven dvīpas, or continents of the earth, to the limits of Āryāvarta (the most holy portion of India), and to various other geographical details; to provincial differences of language, and indications of the supersession of Sanskrit by Prakṛit; and to the preceding grammatical literature, both antecedent and subsequent to Pāṇini. Some particulars are given of the relations between teachers and their pupils. If a youth intoned a word with a false accent, he had his ears boxed. The teacher sat on a pure spot, with a bunch of sacred grass in his hand, with his face to the east, and gave his instructions with the aid of gestures, movements, eye and voice. A pupil who was constantly changing his master was called a *tirtha-kāka*, or wandering crow. The grammarians had frequent discussions, and often, in the heat of argument, called each other by hard names. Females are also alluded to as teachers, which shows the high position which the fair sex occupied, at least among the Brahmins. Among the literary data furnished by the Mahābhāṣya may be mentioned the fact that the words quoted as the initial words of the Atharva Veda are not the same as those with which the text of that Veda, as we now have it, commences, and are not found before the sixth hymn of the latter; and a word *śaṣṭipāṭha*, which shows that the Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa consisted at one time of only sixty, instead as afterwards, and now, of a hundred sections. In a passage which had been previously quoted by Professor Goldstücker, the Mahābhāṣya declares the Vedic texts to be uncreated and eternal as regards their sense, though it is allowed that the order of the words is not eternal, but in many cases varies in the different recensions. Writing is referred to as practised by Brahmins. Then, as now, the Veda was read by many without being understood. In one place the word *ātman*, or self, is clearly stated (though this was recognised before) to have a double sense—that of body as well as soul. Various allusions are also found relating to social life and morality, to amusements, literature, and dramatic exhibitions.

The dissertation of which an account has just been given, forms a sequel to two former articles by Professor Weber, one in the first volume of the *Indische Studien*, headed

"Sketches from the Age of Pāṇini," in which the author seeks to derive from the references which that writer's aphorisms contain an idea of the extent of the literature which existed in his time. The second article is one in the fifth volume of the *Indische Studien*, which treats of the age of Pāṇini, and Professor Goldstücker's views on that and other subjects, of which it contains an elaborate review. Professor Goldstücker assigns a high antiquity to Pāṇini, placing him before Buddha; and as he accepts the year 543 B.C. as the date of the death of the latter, if we assume that the sage's labours extended over a period of forty-eight years, we arrive at the year 591 B.C. as the time when he came forward as a teacher; so that we must place Pāṇini, if he preceded Buddha, as high as the seventh century B.C. This view Professor Weber contests, holding that it is proved by various allusions to Buddhist practices, which he adduces from Pāṇini, and by other considerations, that the great grammarian lived after the establishment of Buddhism. Professor Weber also denies the validity of the proofs brought forward by Professor Goldstücker, to show the following points, viz.: (a) that Kātyāyana, the critic of Pāṇini, lived at a very long period after the latter; (b) that the white Yajur Veda did not yet exist in his time; (c) that the Prātisākhya were subsequent to his age; and (d) that, in short, of all the Sanskrit works known to us, only the hymn-collections of the Rik, and Sāman, the Sanhitā of the black Yajur Veda, and the Nirukta of Yaska then existed. Although I do not venture to pronounce an opinion on all the matters at issue between these two scholars, I think that Professor Weber generally or often succeeds well in controverting those views of his antagonist to which he is opposed, and in vindicating his own positions; while the moderation of language and temper which he maintains throughout the discussion, notwithstanding the temptations to a different course which were unfortunately offered by the tone and character of the work to which he was replying, redounds highly to his credit.

Professor Weber has been charged with too great haste and rashness, in the publication of premature conclusions and uncertain speculations, which he has afterwards found himself obliged to modify. Though in such cases a reasonable amount of circumspection is desirable, I think that procedure such as Professor Weber's is preferable to the procrastination of those who, dissatisfied with such certainty as may in the meantime be attainable, and in the hope that further research will throw light on what is at present obscure, continue to suppress the more or less probable results which have been already acquired, until, perhaps, all chance of giving them to the world is lost. To me it appears that, in such a comparatively unexplored region as that of Indian antiquity, the right course to be followed in the circumstances supposed, is to communicate to the learned world such new information or conclusions as after a reasonable measure of reflection appear to be obtainable from the study of the documents for the first time brought to light: for although the literature of India is not yet completely known, we already

possess a sufficient acquaintance with the productions of its different periods to be able to reject at once anything which is inconsistent with the genius and general character of the whole. Competent scholars are in no danger of falling into the snares in which Colonel Wilford in earlier, and M. Jacolliot in recent, times have been entangled, and receiving for genuine Indian myths or legends, the fabrications of interested Brahmans. By publishing such new data as he may have succeeded in bringing to light, and stating such conclusions as they appear to imply, the investigator will obtain the benefit of the criticism and suggestions of other scholars, and the way will thus be more speedily prepared for the formation of mature opinions upon the questions involved.

While there are some of Professor Weber's opinions, such as those connected with the supposition of Christian influences on the development of Indian beliefs, on which, owing to insufficient examination of the data, I am not prepared to pronounce an opinion, I consider that by his manifold and diversified researches in the most various departments of Sanskrit and Prākṛit literature, to which I am unable to refer here more particularly, he has succeeded in throwing so much light upon numerous questions and subjects connected with Indian history and antiquities, as to entitle him to be ranked among the most distinguished of contemporary Indianists. J. MUR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that at a recent meeting of the committee for conducting the Sub-Wealden Exploration, it was decided to take measures to continue the boring beyond the depth of one thousand feet. That depth is now nearly attained. At the time we write, an accident has happened to the machinery, which has caused operations to be temporarily suspended.

ADDITIONAL evidence tending to support the conclusion that the Hellenic Peninsula was connected with the continent of Africa during the Miocene period, has recently been brought to light by the discovery of a fossil cycad at Koumi, in Euboea. The rich Miocene flora of Koumi has been studied by several naturalists, and its relations to the African flora did not escape the acute observation of the late Professor Unger. M. Gorceix has now discovered the impression of the frond of a cycadaceous plant, which has been referred, by M. G. de Saporta, to the recent genus *Encephalartos*, now confined to Southern Africa. The species has been dedicated to its discoverer, and described before the Academy of Sciences of Paris as *E. Gorceixianus*. This discovery supplies an interesting link in the history of the Cycadeae in Europe. During the Secondary period cycads were abundant; they have left their remains, for example, in our Purbeck "dirt-beds," and are known to the Portland quarrymen as "birds' nests." Subsequently, however, the order appears to have been but feebly represented in Europe, and tertiary cycads are extremely rare. The Koumi specimen furnishes, therefore, an acceptable proof that cycads still flourished in Europe during the Miocene period.

To prove that most of the lignites and plant-beds of Western America are not of Eocene age, as has been asserted by some authorities, is the main object of a paper communicated to a recent number of *Silliman's Journal*, by Dr. J. S. Newberry. The author believes that some of the western lignites are of Cretaceous and some of Miocene date; but he maintains that no group of plants comparable with the Eocene flora of Europe

—such as that of the Isle of Sheppey or of Monte Balco—has up to the present time been found anywhere in America.

It is well known that extensive deposits of coal, or lignite, of Liassic age, are worked at Fünfkirchen, in Hungary. A valuable series of fossil plants from this neighbourhood has been collected by Herr Boeckh, of Pesth, and a report upon this collection has been presented by Dr. Stur to the Imperial Geological Institute of Vienna. The fossils were collected not only from the coal-bearing Lias, but also from certain sandstones which occur between the Lower Lias and the Muschelkalk. The lowest horizon from which Boeckh has obtained fossil plants is immediately above the Muschelkalk, in what appears to be the equivalent of the *Bairdia*-limestones of Würzburg. A second plant-bearing zone was found in the upper part of the sandstones, and it is inferred, from the character of the fossils, that this portion of the series belongs to the Rhoetic formation. The third stage from which specimens were collected coincides with the lowermost lignites of Fünfkirchen, and the frequent occurrence here of *Equisetites Ungerii*, Ett., leaves little doubt that these beds really belong to the Lias; hence the limits between the Rhoetic and the Lias must be drawn somewhere between these two plant-bearing horizons.

Is the peculiar structure known as *Eozoon* a true fossil of foraminiferal type, or is it, after all, nothing more than the result of chemical and physical action? This old controversy between Dr. Carpenter and Professors King and Rowney, has been recently revived, in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, by Mr. J. H. Carter. The current number of the *Annals* contains an able paper by Dr. Carpenter, in which he not only replies to Mr. Carter's strictures, but seeks to refute the anti-eozoonists generally. After contending that the arrangement of the so-called nummuline tubulation of *Eozoon* is not incompatible with true nummuline structure, he brings forward several striking points of conformity between the characters exhibited by the best preserved specimens of *Eozoon* and those of certain Foraminifera. As it is now nearly ten years since the *Eozoon Canadense* was introduced to the geological world, it is not without interest to find Dr. Carpenter giving a sketch of its history. In this sketch he reviews the general evidence on which he and the Canadian naturalists relied in concluding that the structure then newly discovered in certain ophites, or serpentinous limestones, from the Lower Laurentian rocks of Canada, represented a true organism; that the microscopic characters of this organism placed it among the Foraminifera; and that this foraminifer was, in fact, the oldest fossil known to the palaeontologist. It appears that Dr. Carpenter is endeavouring to persuade his friends in Canada to join with him in the preparation of a monograph on *Eozoon*, to be submitted to the Palaeontographical Society.

GEOLOGICAL news from Persia has been sent home to Vienna by Dr. Emil Tietze, who is at present engaged in exploring the mineral resources of that country. During his journey from Tiflis to Teheran he had but little opportunity for making geological observations; and as soon as he reached Teheran he was attacked by typhoid fever. On his recovery he proceeded to explore the Albur mountains, north of Teheran, where he found good lithographic limestones and large deposits of gypsum. Above the village of Rute he observed two beds of coal, in greenish sandstone, with argillaceous brown iron ore in the neighbourhood. Iron ore and coal were also found in similar sandstone elsewhere, whilst copper ores, consisting of malachite and copper pyrites, were also discovered in the Albur range. In a second letter, Dr. Tietze describes his visit to the coal-deposits of Hif, where the mineral fuel, as elsewhere, is found in association with iron ore. It appears that the Persian coal does not belong to

the true palaeozoic coal-measures, but is of mesozoic age; nevertheless it is said to be of good quality, and is likely to prove of great value to the country. Dr. Tietze has discovered, in the valley of Ohosen, five or six veins of nickel ore, consisting of kupfernickel and green nickel-ochre, occurring in diabase-porphry.

A JOURNEY last summer through the southwestern part of Transylvania, has enabled Dr. C. Doelter to communicate to the last part of the *Jahrbuch d. k.k. Geolog. Reichsanstalt* an interesting paper, entitled "Aus dem Siebenbürgischen Erzgebirge." The country visited lies between the river Aranyos and the Maros, and includes the mining districts around Verespatak and Offenbánya. Observations were specially made on the eruptive rocks, of which several new occurrences were noted. The rocks which break through the crystalline slates of the Gaina appear to be andesites, and the tertiary eruptive rocks are also for the most part andesites, including a quartziferous variety which has been distinguished under the name of dacite. Dr. Doelter has specially addressed himself to the study of the Transylvanian trachytes, and has recently contributed a valuable paper on these rocks to Tschermak's *Mineralogische Mittheilungen*.

THE French Academy of Sciences has elected M. de Kokscharow foreign correspondent in the section of mineralogy, in place of the late Professor Sedgwick.

Geology of Spitzbergen.—The *Revue Scientifique* reports an account given to the Austrian Institute of Geology, of a journey to the west coast of Spitzbergen, made by R. von Drasche, in 1873. Contrary to what he observed on the neighbouring coast of Scandinavia, he found Spitzbergen very rich in sedimentary formations, all the strata except the Silurian being represented. The formation of Hekla-Hook, probably corresponding with the Devonian, attains a great development at Belsund, Eisfjord, the Isle of Prince Karl-Vorland, Wydie Bay, and the region north-east.

Permian fossils were found at Cape Bohemann by Professor Nordenskiöld. The carboniferous limestone was rich in fossils on the west coast, and at Hinlopen-Strat: "The triassic formation, with saurian remains, is seen at Eisfjord, Cape Thordsen, the promontory of Stans, and at Barentz. Jurassic strata were observed at Cape Agardh, in Storfjord, and in the Bay of Advent, in Eisfjord. The miocene beds of Belsund and Eisfjord exhibited a great abundance of vegetable debris. Recent formations were in default, and glacial striae were rarely seen, probably on account of the rapid destruction of the rocks.

Of the crystalline rocks specimens were collected of gneiss, granitic gneiss, and more rarely of granite. These rocks were observed at localities extending from the seven ice mountains of Magdalen Bay, Amsterdamö, and Dansko, to Red Bay. In Magdalen Bay, Von Drasche observed a crystalline limestone intercalated on the gneiss, and rich in crystals of garnet, titanite, chondrodite, &c. The mountains of Magdalen Bay and of the strait of Smeeringberg are remarkable for their crater forms. Although composed of gneiss, they present numerous crater-like cavities, sloping towards the coast and in a line with it. Their hollows are filled with snow, and glaciers issue from them. The gneiss strata incline regularly towards the north and show no special relation to their peculiar forms, and the same configuration is seen at Wydie Bay, and is ascribed to the erosive action of glaciers.

On the plateaux forming the eastern part of Dansko and Amsterdamö, Von Drasche observed enormous erratic blocks, composed chiefly of granite, syenite, and gneiss. These fragments do not belong to any of the rocks of the district, and he supposes them brought by glaciers from the interior of Spitzbergen, or even from more northern regions. Black limestones and chloritic schists, like those of Taurus, represent the Devonian

formation. In the Isle of Karl-Prinz-Vorland are highly disturbed calcareous schists surmounted by a quartzose conglomerate with a chloritic cement. This last forms two colossal pyramids at the entrance of a large valley. In the carboniferous rocks at Azelo, corals, bryozoa, productus, and spirifer, are found in great quantities.

The triassic formations are largely represented at Cape Thordsen. In the middle of bituminous schists in a valley of Norway, the limestone concretions are rich in nautilus, halobia, etc., and the remains of a vertebrate, probably a saurian, were discovered. In the Goose Islands, a recent upheaval of the soil to the extent of eight or ten feet was noticed, and at this height above the high tide level some shells of *Mytilus edulis* (mussel), perfect, and preserving their blue colour. It is remarkable that this mollusk is not now found alive further north than Tromsø. No animal fossils were found in the tertiaries, but frequent remains of plants.

The Slav Gipsies of Montenegro.—*Das Ausland* (No. 21, 1874) has a long letter from Herr B. Bogisic on these gipsies, who are represented as speaking only the Servian language, even their old men being unacquainted with the gipsy tongue, and having no intercourse with the nomadic gipsies, whom they despise. In religion they follow the local faith, being mostly Mahometans where the Turks prevail. They carry on the business of lock and other smiths as public functionaries, the tribe providing workshop and tools, and each family contributing an annual supply of raw products, wheat, &c. Although not prevented by any positive law, they do not intermarry with the Montenegrins, the poorest of whom would not give his daughter to a rich gipsy.

Proceedings of the Belgian Academy.—Among the papers recently presented to the Académie Royale des Sciences, Belgium, we find one by Dr. Putzeys "On the Centres of Vaso-motor Nerves," on which M. Schwann reports that it confirms the experiments of MM. Golz, Schlesinger, Freusberg, and Vulpian, showing that the spinal marrow is, at least in frogs, as important as the *medulla oblongata* in affecting the tonicity of blood-vessels.

M. Louis Henry contributes an elaborate paper on "The Products of adding Hypochlorous Acid to Allylic Compounds," which does not admit of intelligible abbreviation. He arrives at the conclusion that the hypochlorous acid divides itself into two parts, chlorine, and hydroxyl, which severally unite to two of the three molecular groups of which he supposes allyl to be formed.

M. Alfred Gilkinket contributes "Morphological Researches on the Pyrenomyces," commencing in this paper with *Sordaria fimicola* (Sphaeria f.) or Asses' Dung Sphaeria, the development of which is illustrated by numerous drawings. It appears that the spores of this little fungus are provided with two membranes and surrounded by a gelatinous substance which swells up on contact with water. At one pole they are perforated by a canal or "germinative pore" through which the endospore and protoplasm pass to form the vesicle from whence the first mycelium threads grow. After five or six days, one of the mycelium cells buds, and gives rise to a tube which rolls itself into a spiral, much like what M. de Bary observed in Eurotium. This is the *carpogone*, or female organ. The male organ (*pollinode*) is formed at its base, and the two enter into combination, either directly or by endosmotic communication, the former seeming most probable. M. E. van Beneden remarks that these observations confirm previous intimations of the sexuality of the Ascomycetes.

M. Edouard Morren communicated a note on "The Mechanical Theory of Heat as applied to the Growth of Plants." He remarks that M. Barthélemy spoke of the growth of a Bamboo in the Jardin des Plantes, Montpellier, at the rate of a centimètre per hour, last July, as an act that

ought to coincide with the fixation of a considerable quantity of carbon. Such coincidence he considers unnecessary, as the carbon fixed in the green organs of plants by the decomposition of carbonic acid under solar influence, is not immediately applied to the formation of the tissues of new organs. The materials of growth are supplied by organic matters previously elaborated, and their application to the requirements of growth is accompanied by an expenditure of force needed for their circulation and transformation. We often see plants grow, or sprout, when they do not fix any carbon. Tubers, bulbs, buds, and seeds, at the time of sprouting, not only fix no fresh carbon, but lose a certain quantity of that element in the course of their respiration, and the heat furnished by this combustion occasions the motions necessary for the sprouting. (*Bulletin de l'Académie Royale des Sciences.*)

In clearing a cave near the mill of Liesberg, Canton of Bern, a number of bones and stone implements were discovered, which have been examined by M. Quirquez, of Bellerive, and Professor Rüttimeyer, of Bâle. The bones were recognised by the latter as remains of animals of the glacial period, amongst them being reindeer horns and bones of species still in existence. The stone implements are of the same description as those lately collected by M. Quirquez near Bellerive, along with a great number of bones, imbedded in the alluvium, of deer of different species, the wild boar, the *Bos primigenius*, a fragment of a tooth of a mammoth, &c., all dating from the quaternary epoch. It will be remembered that about a year ago M. Quirquez found traces of man from the antediluvian period in that locality. His former observations have now been fully confirmed, and M. Quirquez intends publishing shortly the results of his researches in a pamphlet.

The Aromatic Substance of Vanilla.—M. Hoffmann lately presented to the Society of Biology, Paris, a paper by two of his pupils on "The Synthesis of the Aromatic Substance of Vanilla," showing that the cambium of conifers contains a crystalline substance belonging to the group of glucosides, which when brought in contact with emulsine breaks up into glucose (grape sugar), and a crystallisable body which when treated with an oxydising agent, like bichromate of potash, produces crystals containing the aromatic material. (*Revue Scientifique.*)

Polymorphic Butterflies.—The *American Naturalist* for May contains a paper by Mr. Samuel H. Scudder on this subject, from which it appears that the researches of Mr. Edwards show the Ajax butterfly to appear under three distinct forms, which have been named Walshii, Telamonides, and Marcellus. Usually the imago exhibits "seasonal polymorphism," Walshii appearing in early spring, Telamonides in late spring, and Marcellus in summer and autumn. Mr. Scudder observes that "Telamonides appears not to be the direct conseasonal produce of Walshii, but both are made up of butterflies which have wintered as chrysalides, those which disclose their inmates earliest producing Walshii, the others Telamonides; while all butterflies produced from groups of the same season—and there are several successive broods—belong to Marcellus." Such facts have an important bearing on the origin of species.

Limiting Noxious Insects.—In a paper in the *American Naturalist* for May a curious experiment, made by Captain Beebe on the recommendation of Dr. Le Baron, State entomologist for Illinois, is described. It appears that the oyster-shell bark louse of the apple tree, a very noxious parasite, is subject to the attacks of a little four-winged insect, *aphelinus* (*Chalcis mytilaspidis*), which pierces the scale of the bark louse, and lays her eggs inside. The grubs of the *aphelinus*, hatched from these eggs, devour the bark louse and her young. Captain Beebe placed some apple twigs, believed to have been operated upon

by the aphelinus, on trees badly infested with the bark lice, and in the following year there appeared reason for supposing that specimens of aphelinus had been reared and acted in their usual way upon the bark lice. As the aphelinus is only one twenty-fifth of an inch long, and the hole she makes invisible without a magnifying glass, Dr. Le Baron thinks the experiment scarcely conclusive, though decidedly encouraging, and he advises further efforts to naturalize this enemy of the bark-louse in the northernmost part of Illinois, where it has not hitherto been found.

Hermaphroditism in Eggs.—M. Balbiani has recently exhibited to the Society of Biology, Paris, a number of eggs laid by silkworms that had not coupled. He stated that many of these eggs remained sterile, but that some were in process of development, though none had hatched. The number of these fecund eggs varied according to the species of the silkworm moth from which they came, the greater part being produced by those races which had several broods in a year. Out of 9,000 eggs of a polyvoltine race, 513 hatched spontaneously; while out of 50,000 of an annual race, only twenty-nine were fertile. This enormous difference probably arose from the feeble vitality of the eggs in the annual kinds; but however this might be, he thought the general fact could only be explained by supposing the hermaphroditism of the egg. (*Revue Scientifique.*)

Phosphorus in Steel.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Civil Engineers, in Paris, M. Euverte, director of the works of Terrenoir, explained the present state of the manufacture of phosphorised steel. It was not, he said, a question of purposely introducing the phosphorus in iron which did not contain it, but of how much might be left in without damage. From experiments made, it appeared that phosphorus might be introduced into cast steel on condition of eliminating the carbon; the less carbon left, the more phosphorus the compound might have. Steel containing about three and a half thousandths of phosphorus and one and a half thousandths of carbon was very malleable, and furnished rails of excellent quality, which lasted five or ten times as long as iron rails. It was reckoned that there were three millions of tons of old iron rails in France, six millions of tons in England, ten millions of tons in America, and ten millions of tons in the rest of the world capable of being transformed into the new steel.

The fifty-second fasciculus (making the fifth of the seventh volume) of the great Sanskrit and German Lexicon, published under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, by Drs. O. Böhtlingk and R. Roth, has lately reached this country. It comes down as far as the root *sarj*. As *s* is the last letter but one of the Sanskrit alphabet, it will be seen that the lexicon is approaching its completion. The same word *sarj* occurs in p. 907 of Wilson's *Sanskrit Dictionary*, 75 pp. from the end of the work, which contains in all 982 pp. The work of the two German lexicographers is a monument of the industry, accuracy, learning, and scientific scholarship—and in its Vedic department, of the acuteness and originality—of its authors. A large portion of the fifth volume is occupied by additions to, and improvements of, the previous parts of the dictionary; and the authors will no doubt have further additions and improvements to make at the end of their work.

Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will shortly publish a new work on Ecclesiastes, containing an introduction to the book, an exegetical analysis, and a new translation with critical notes by Mr. Thomas Tyler, M.A. Mr. Tyler published a small pamphlet, *Notes on Ecclesiastes*, which was favourably noticed by Ewald in the *Göttinger Anzeigen* and by Kuenen in the *Theologische Tijdschrift*.

DR. RICHARD MORRIS received the honorary degree of M.A. on May 28. He was presented

by Dr. Michell, the public orator, who in a Latin speech dwelt on Dr. Morris's publications in connexion with the Early English Text Society and the Clarendon Series, and recognised his great merits in having resuscitated a truly scientific interest in the early national literature of the country.

PROFESSOR WILMANN'S, of Strassburg, who was sent to Tunis to collect inscriptions for the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, published by the Berlin Academy, has brought back about 180 impressions on paper of Carthaginian inscriptions, chiefly from Castle Manuba, near Tunis, where Von Maltzan found his fifty badly copied inscriptions. He has also discovered a considerable number of modern Punic inscriptions, some bilingual, in modern Punic and Berber, one in Latin and modern Punic.

In our last number but one, we announced the completion of Dr. Graetz's *History of the Jews*. It should have been rather the approach to completion, for vols. ii. and iii. still remain to be published.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S edition of the Rig-Veda and the Commentary of Śāyanāchārya, the first volume of which appeared in 1840, will be finished this year. It has taken twenty-five years, which may seem a long time, but if we divide the number of sheets of the large and the small editions, we find that Professor Max Müller has printed every year during twenty-five years a volume of thirty-six sheets, i.e. 576 pages, 8vo, of Sanskrit text never published before.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 1).

At the meeting of the above Society, the President introduced Chumah and Suzi, Livingstone's followers, and expressed his opinion that when the whole of their work was known, they would have such a tribute paid to them as Englishmen knew how to pay to duties strenuously performed. Chumah had picked up his knowledge of the English language while under Dr. Wilson, of the Free Kirk Mission in Bombay, whither he had accompanied Dr. Livingstone after their travels together in Africa. During the same period Suzi was on board ship.

Dr. Carpenter then read a lengthy paper on Oceanic Circulation, which want of space prevents us noticing here, but which, as the President pointed out, was on almost an entirely new science, which owed more to Dr. Carpenter than to any other living man for its development. His theories, moreover, had been signally corroborated by the results of the expedition of the *Challenger*. The lateness of the hour would prevent any discussion that evening, but Fellows of the Society would have an opportunity of expressing their views at the meeting of the British Association.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY (Tuesday, June 2).

S. BIRCH, LL.D., F.S.A., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read: 1. "On the Phoenician Inscription 'Melitensis Quinta,'" by Professor W. Wright, LL.D. This paper reviewed the earlier readings of the inscription by the Duc de Luynes, Quatremère, Ewald, and Blau; and gave a revised text and translation, based on an examination of the stone itself. It was accompanied by a facsimile of the stone described.—2. "On an Egyptian Calendar of Astronomical Observations of the XXth Dynasty," by P. Le Page Renouf, F.R.S.L. This paper was a collection and a correction of the famous Calendar of Star Culminations, which had been published by MM. Champollion and Biot, the latter *savant* having, however, been misled by believing the papyrus to be astrological only. The text was accompanied by a full exegesis and a diagram of astral positions.—3. "On the Cylindrical Altar of Nectarhebos at Turin,"

by Joseph Bonomi (with two plates). This interesting monument—which, although noticed by Orcurti, is now published for the first time—is a large cylindrical altar of black granite, finely wrought, and covered with sixty-eight vertical lines of hieroglyphics, and four vignettes, representing the Pharaoh Nectarhebos of the XXXth Dynasty making offerings, and uttering adorations to the various deities of the four cardinal points.

—4. "Translation of the Hieroglyphic Inscription upon the Granite Altar at Turin" by Samuel Birch, LL.B., F.S.A., President.—5. "Assyrian Notes," by H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S.: (1) "The Use of Papyrus among the Ancient Arcadians." In his recent investigations as to the original meanings of some of the Assyrian roots, Mr. Fox Talbot found that the terms Nazabu Shakani, "the stem of a reed," and Nigria, "a volume," and "writings upon vegetable skin," occur among the Assyrian inscriptions published by the British Museum, thus attesting the accuracy of the statement of Pliny, that the Papyrus was so used by the Babylonians—a fact which, till Mr. Sayce first called attention to it, had been disputed. (2) "Assyrian Books." In this paper the following sentences were adduced to show that the Assyrian literature was not confined solely to inscriptions upon tablets of baked clay: "In the night-time bind around the sick man's head a sentence taken from a good book" (for a charm); and "care not to save the newly-written books," &c. (3) "On the Amount of Accuracy now sometimes attainable in Assyrian Translation."

LONDON ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Tuesday, June 2).

THE discussion on Miss Wallington's paper, "The Physical and Intellectual Qualities of Woman Equal to those of Man," was resumed, and a paper was read by Mr. C. Staniland Wake, on "Cannibalism." After tracing the area within which cannibalism is known to have been practised, the writer considered the motives assigned for the custom by various tribes, and their general condition of culture; and showed that the cannibalism of the light, straight-haired peoples is chiefly a form of revenge, while that of the dark, negroid peoples probably originated at a time when the moral faculty was but slightly developed, under the influence of the instinct of self-preservation.

ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY (Wednesday, June 3).

A VERY remarkable specimen of the manipulative skill of Herr Müller was exhibited at this meeting by Mr. Baker, and highly praised by the secretary. In the centre of an ordinary slide was a square piece of photography one-tenth of an inch in size, containing eighty clear circular spaces surrounded by a dark framework. In each space a diatom was placed exactly in the centre, and beneath it its name in plain letters, with a reference to the authority for it. The whole group could be clearly seen at one glance under a 1½-inch objective, and the lettering, just readable with that power, was so fine, that when a ½ objective was employed, a name as long as *Triceratium formosum* did not exceed the size of the field.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE (Wednesday, May 27).

C. GOOLDEN, Esq., in the Chair.—Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael read a paper "On Veronese Typography (Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century)," with a Notice of the Giuliani Press and of Sanmicheli's Capella Pellegrini at Verona, in which he gave a full and curious history of the progress of printing at Verona, and mentioned some of the most remarkable works which were given to the world by Veronese printers. The earliest work known to have been printed at Verona, is *Felturinus de Re Militari*, A.D. 1472, which is celebrated alike for the beauty of its type as for the number and excellence of its woodcuts. Two other famous books are the *Divina Commedia*, in the

same year, and an edition of Petrarch, in 1476. The number of books printed at Verona before 1600 is very remarkable. Indeed, the invention of printing has been claimed for that city, though without any sufficient grounds. The early type is the good round Latin one, much resembling that first used at Rome.

FINE ART.

MR. BURGESS' MODELS FOR THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE exhibition of Mr. Burgess' models in the architectural room of the Royal Academy is an invitation to criticism. It is impossible, however, to treat them simply by themselves, or to avoid taking into consideration the general scheme of which they form a part. No church is considered at the present day "correct" until it has been, as the phrase is, "restored," and accordingly a so-called Restoration of St. Paul's has been going on for some years in a fitful, hesitating sort of way. The authorities appear to have had a vague feeling that they ought to do something, though what should be done no one exactly knew. Public opinion required that St. Paul's should be restored, without giving any more definite indication, and the authorities have acted in accordance with public opinion. Since 1858, when the works commenced, the organ has stood in three different parts of the church; a monster organ has been put up in the south transept, and has been taken down again; the stalls have twice been rearranged; and lately the whole floor of the choir has been raised a step or two, with no very obvious intention. Many windows have been filled with Munich glass, which it is now proposed, very wisely, to remove; the vaulting in the choir and elsewhere has been painted and gilt, only to give place, as we are now told, to stucco and mosaic; and the interior has undergone a costly process of scraping to produce a new and clear surface, which Mr. Burgess is to cut away and replace with marble. The Wellington monument, designed originally to occupy one of the arches of the nave, is now being erected in the chapel which used to serve as the consistory court. By this change the whole motive of this fine design is lost, and the tomb has the effect of a large four-post bedstead standing in a small dressing room. The altar has been moved out of the apse, which is to be occupied instead by the consistory court; a quaint arrangement, probably intended to symbolize the supremacy of the law. The only decided step which has been taken is the destruction of Wren's screen and the entire alteration of his choir arrangements. This change is greatly to be deplored. The dome forms the commanding feature of the interior: it cannot be treated as a mere lantern tower; it must form the point to which the climax of the entire design works up. The nave and transepts must be treated as leading up to the dome, the whole effect centering and finishing there. Wren provided for this effectually by erecting a very massive and noble screen surmounted by the organ, thus completely separating off the choir from the dome-space. The removal of the screen has proved conclusively the wisdom of its erection. The choir now gives the effect of a gloomy tunnel, at the extremity of which a small altar may be described by those who happen to be placed in the centre of the dome. It is surely too obvious to need enforcing, that the dome is the grand and governing feature of the whole design, and that the choir must be considered as altogether distinct, having its own proper treatment working up to its own altar in the apse. It is simply the chapel of the canons, where their services are performed at their own altar. This is as far as it was possible, in Wren's time, to carry the matter; but as the cathedral is now happily used for great popular services, altogether independent of and in addition to the regular service of the chapter, it becomes necessary, of course, to erect a second altar to meet the new requirements. A people's

altar under the dome is what we may be sure Sir Christopher had in view in his design. He had conversed at Paris with Bernini, who had erected the great baldacchino under the dome of the Vatican Basilica, and there can be no doubt of his opinion as to the proper treatment of the dome space. Indeed, his original and favourite design, the model of which is now at South Kensington, points to this arrangement, and to nothing else. A dome such as this, designed as it is for great popular assemblies, demands a grand people's altar. Nothing short of this will be satisfactory to men of taste, and nothing less will meet the wishes of those who frequent the services of the cathedral. It is creditable to the architectural profession, that all the members of it who have published their opinion upon this question (with the doubtful exception of Mr. Penrose) have taken this view. Wren did all that he could to prepare for this grand completion of his work by cutting off the choir, in the most effectual way, from the dome and the nave by the screen and organ. Of this fine monument it may now be said, "si quaeris, circumspecte," for it is scattered in fragments all over the church. The first step to a satisfactory treatment of the cathedral will be its reconstruction and restoration to its original position.

The screen was removed in order, as we were told, to throw the choir open to the dome, and so to introduce on a large scale the arrangements of a parish church. But it has been found, as any architect might have foretold, that it is quite impossible to use the two portions of the church together. At the great services the singers are not placed in the choir at all, but in the eastern portion of the dome-space. Placed in the stalls they would not be heard at all. The choir now glooms before the congregation, a vast empty expanse of darkness. It does seem a monstrous thing that so fine a work of art as the screen and the organ upon it should have been broken up into fragments, for nothing else whatever but to prove the impossibility of using the dome and the choir at the same time.

The dome altar should of course be surmounted by a baldacchino. I am aware that this feature has been condemned by an ecclesiastical judge, but the decisions of such courts are of no great account in art, and cannot certainly be allowed to stand in the way of a great architectural improvement which is quite free from any party significance.

Passing now to the examination of the models which have given occasion to these remarks, two main criticisms suggest themselves.

The great defect of the interior of the church is that the light is admitted mainly at a low level.

It is essential to a dignified internal effect that the light should enter from above. In consequence of the large size of the aisle windows, and the gloomy colouring of the dome itself, this most important element of design is lost. The correction of this defect must be the first aim of any reasonable scheme of decoration. The clerestory windows should be filled with stained glass of a bright silvery tone, and the central body of the church kept as light in colour as possible. The aisle windows should be treated with glass of a rich and sumptuous character, and the colouring of the walls kept rather dark. This principle does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Burgess. As far as can be judged from the models at Burlington House, the lower portions of his design are the lightest, and the richer colours are reserved generally for the vaults. The aisles, too, which ought to have been kept down in tone, in order to give the utmost effect to the light admitted by the clerestory, are treated with as much or even more white marble than the central space. There seems to be a want of a true grasp of the problem. The plan, with much ingenuity in detail, appears that of a clever man working in a style which he does not enter into. There is

no objection on principle to the substitution of marble for stone, but the marble ought to be introduced only where Wren would have used it had he possessed the means. He would, I conceive, have employed it only for the pilasters and panels, and not have lined his whole walls with a marble veneer. The adoption, moreover, of white marble seems to be a great mistake. The cold, bluish tone of white marble would be singularly unfortunate in our London atmosphere. Even the Greeks, having at their disposal the beautiful marble of Paros, toned down its rawness with a saffron stain. The effect of ordinary white marble when the joints become emphasised, as they very soon must be, with soot, would be far from agreeable.

The second criticism to be made is that the design for the decorations is not conceived in the same spirit as the structure. There is an evident hankering after Renaissance, and the absurdity of decorating St. Paul's in Cinque Cento is parallel to that of painting a fifteenth century church in the Early English manner. This tendency is shown very unfortunately in the treatment of the flat domes—in the vaulting both of the choir and aisles. These, instead of forming broad spaces for painting or mosaic, are to be broken up by a circle of stucco ornament in their centre, and by radiating lines cutting up the surface into small panels, which are to be occupied by little busts. Such a treatment belongs altogether to an earlier style. It would be better not to attempt the thing at all unless it can be done by one who can handle the style *con amore* as his own. If marble is to be introduced, it is not to the Cinque Cento style that we should look for models, but to such works as the Church of Sta. Maria della Vittoria, and the Borghese Chapel in the Liberian Basilica at Rome. These fine works, though somewhat earlier in point of time than Wren's date, are to all intents and purposes in the same style as our cathedral, since we were always in this country much behindhand in the development of the Italian style. On the whole, the inspection of the models leads to the conclusion that it would be better to leave the church alone. The man capable of so great a work has yet to be found. Mr. Alfred Stevens, the author of the design for the Wellington memorial, might have been equal to the undertaking, but there is no one else who could be expected to succeed where Mr. Burgess has failed. We therefore arrive to the humiliating conclusion that the time for the decoration of St. Paul's has not yet come. No committee, however capable, can create the man required for such a task; and failing this, it is to be hoped that the proposal may be indefinitely postponed. The restoration of the screen and the erection of the dome-altar and its baldacchino are quite as much as, under the circumstances, we can hope to see satisfactorily carried out in our time.

G. GILBERT SCOTT, JUN.

THE PRINTS IN THE "SALON" OF 1874.

THERE are exhibited in the present French Salon nearly three hundred frames of engravings—that is, line engravings, woodcuts, and etchings—but as very often many small prints are in one frame, the number, considerable as it is, does not give any idea of the importance of these arts among the French public of our day. The line engraving most spoken of is a large head of Pius IX., by M. Gaillard, who took a drawing in Rome of his Holiness's head, and has worked upon the plate chiefly in Paris. Indeed, he was working upon it only a few days ago, so that the print in the Salon must be considered an *épreuve d'essai*. It is a very brilliant and highly finished work: more delicate than strong, though the modelling the face is of elaborate and learned. His Holiness is always represented with the same expression. Of engravings after the works of other masters we noticed the last trial-proof of M. Bertinot's reproduction of M. H. Lehmann's portrait

of Monseigneur Darboy, and a large work by M. Auguste Blanchard: *La Fête des Vendanges à Rome*—Alma-Tadema's celebrated picture. M. Manet's picture of a fat fellow at a boulevard café, seen in our Dudley Gallery under the title of *Le Bon Bock*, loses none of its character in M. Ernest Boetzel's woodcut.

Of etchings there are very many. Indeed, the art of etching is just now so fashionable in France, that it would be unreasonable to expect to find a large proportion of the work to be of a high order. There is much of what is technically very second-rate, and there is also a much smaller proportion of original work, either good or bad, than has heretofore been the case; many of the younger etchers, and one or two very famous ones among their elders, employing themselves in copying other people's pictures. Of labour of this sort there are some extremely favourable examples. Flameng's *Ronde de Nuit*, after Rembrandt's picture at Amsterdam, is in its way a great work, though it does not appear to us to be to the full as remarkable as his recently-finished "Hundred Guilder Print;" but in the one case an etcher was copying an etching; in the other he was copying a painting. Peter de Hooghe's works among the Dutchmen, and Decamps' works among the French, lend themselves somewhat readily to reproduction, or, at least, are of the kind that amply repay this reproduction. M. Charles Courty takes *La Partie de Cartes*, and translates it into black and white. The lighting is good, and so is the texture of the marble columns of the chimney-piece; but Rajon's reproduction of a De Hooghe—*Cour de Maison Hollandaise*—is, perhaps, still finer and more characteristic. Its elaboration has not once led the artist to forget that he is an etcher: the frank etched line is everywhere on his plate. The Decamps—an *Intérieur de Cour en Italie*—by M. Brunet-Debaines, is a very fine proof from the Wilson catalogue: the subject is one of the most powerful etchings in that book. M. Courty, of whose De Hooghe we have already said a word, distinguishes himself by a figure-subject, after Gérôme, called *Le Bain*. The white woman is drawn and modelled with the utmost delicacy—it is one of the most successful nude studies we have seen in modern etching, which is not generally rich in such work.

Of original things, Lalanne contributes a great many. Some of them, done for an illustrated publication, do not do him justice. There is a clever effect of snow in *Le Pont de Sèvres pendant la Guerre*. *Les Roches Noires* at Trouville has more vigour than Lalanne often aims to possess: the black sky is of that kind which Rembrandt has given us in *The Three Trees*—we speak, of course, of kind, and not of merit. A still more elaborate and effective sky—a sky, indeed, far more elaborate and effective than one often sees in etching—is attempted and partially realized in another of M. Lalanne's works, in which the setting sun, just below a bank of well-rounded cloud, throws rays over all that is light and clear. M. Feyen Perrin has two slighter works—both in the environs of Auray, Morbihan—and both are good in their effects of tranquil placid light in open country. A work by an artist whose name is new to us—M. Aufray de Roc'hian—is striking and important, and were it not for its somewhat muddled sky, would be highly satisfactory. It is called *La Berge*, and is a poetical rendering of a river scene, with a dark foreground of boat by the bank and overhanging trees: a good half-light on the resting figure of the man in the boat, a bright broad river, and delicate distance, and, on one side, a group of wind-swayed poplars, drawn particularly well. In *Le Village d'Artemare* (Ain), M. Appian has his favourite effect of twisted gnarled and knotted tree-boughs—writhing somewhat too much alive—and standing dark against a clear and distant sky. These are a few out of the many etchings exhibited. The renaissance of the art promises much, and will perform it if its

practitioners recognise three things—first, that the fascination of the process must not be allowed to lead to its practice apart from the serious care given perhaps more habitually to other mediums of artistic expression; second, that the cleverest copying in the world, immensely ingenious and interesting as it may be in the hands of Flameng and Rajon, can never realize the full range of the art; and third, that the art is an wholly independent one, in which both the manipulation employed and the effect attained by the ordinary line engraver are rather to be eschewed than sought for.

F. WEDMORE.

CHARLOTTENBURG.

Copenhagen: May 15, 1874.

POSSIBLY not every reader is aware that the Royal Academy of Arts in Denmark has its abode in King Frederick V.'s old palace of Charlottenborg. Here since 1754 has been held the annual exhibition that is to Danish art all that the Salon is to French, and far more than the Royal Academy contrives to be to English art. Like the old Royal Theatre, the old Charlottenborg is passing through its last hours. The zeal that is rebuilding so much of Copenhagen, and pulling down so many structures not beautiful in themselves indeed, but rich in historical and literary memories, has put its woodman's mark against this also. A building is already being prepared on the grounds of the present Botanical Gardens, in which it is proposed to hold the annual exhibition of painting, and visitors will no longer have to wander through the loose-strung, disjointed rooms of poor old-fashioned Charlottenborg.

Of the four hundred works exhibited this year, it may at once be broadly admitted that the average standard is not very high. To be sure there are hardly any pictures here quite as low in point of merit as the worst that stare us in the face at a certain annual and national collection on the north side of Piccadilly. On the other hand, we miss at Copenhagen several whole classes of art successfully treated in London. First and foremost, the peculiar kind of historical genre represented so abundantly amongst ourselves by Messrs. Orchardson, Pettie and Marks is entirely wanting: the fashionable-society art, of which Mr. Frith is the Michael Angelo, is hardly discoverable at all in this old-fashioned capital of the North; those deplorable canvases filled with high-coloured gentlemen in pink are totally absent in a country where "vulpicide" is still a virtue. The present collection mainly consists of landscapes, portraits, and a few, usually particularly good, genre pieces.

But the one great picture of the year belongs to neither of these divisions. For Charlottenborg this year presents one single work that deserves the denomination "great" in the fullest significance of that word. The hangers have kept their best wine until now, for although Charlottenborg has been open to the public for several weeks, Carl Bloch's *Samson and Dalilah* only now finds its place in the largest room. Carl Bloch, whose *Samson at the Mill* made a European fame for him some few years back, has produced in the interim no work that could compete in interest with that wonderful study. In that picture, as most readers will remember, the blind and morose giant turns the great mill with a dull action of his vast limbs, now renewing their strength, while an impish old man, seated on the top of the quern, relieves his patriotic zeal by lashing the bound and naked Hebrew. The force and almost brutal realism of that work recalled to mind the dazzling savageries of another young painter, even more highly gifted, the lamented Henri Regnault. In this new work of Carl Bloch there is the same force, and even more magnificence. It is a picture of unusual dimensions, and the figures appear (but I suppose only appear) to be of heroic size. Over the central group there hang and divide rich curtains of a sultry-yellow colour, that seems to give suggestion to the thought as well as the tone

of the picture. Under this tapestry Dalilah, with her long red hair thrown back and scattered over the pillows, holds the head of the sleeping Samson on her knee, and while with one hand she beckons the Philistine elders to come in, with the other she throws down on the floor the last lock of the hair that gave the hero his mystical power. Her face is a triumph of imaginative execution: the greed of gold, the excitement of a new experiment, the satisfaction of satiated curiosity, all are expressed in the eager and flushed face, wan about the temples, weary in the eyes, but flushed at least with hope and triumph in the deed securely done. The modelling of her form leaves nothing to be wished for: there is in it something of the unflinching realism one expects from such young painters as Bloch and Regnault, who insist on being even too cruelly true to physiology and to the experiences of passion. The half-nude figure of Samson fills the foreground, and the realisation of the knotted sinews relaxed in sleep is finely rendered. Perhaps the skin is too soft and velvety for a man of the age and character designed. The accessories are wonderfully well painted; a lion-skin under Dalilah's feet in particular. The feeblest section of the work is the group of the heads of the Philistine elders.

In landscape Skovgaard is pre-eminent, as usual. Of the four excellent pictures he exhibits, one, a bay of the sea, with wooded hills behind, and cows by the water (216), is a triumph of dreamy colour, and the best landscape to be found here. A young artist, Vilhelm Groth, whose name is new in Danish painting, sends six landscape pieces of very unequal power, one of which, at least (83), a study of stagnant water on the mosses of Jutland, is in the highest degree clever and original, the way in which the oblique light strikes the water being masterly in its sterling veracity. La Cour, Kyhn, and Eilersen may also be named as landscape painters whose works rise decidedly above the level of excellence here. Among portraits, one of Dean Fog by Vermehren, and one of Bishop Martensen by Krøyer are noticeable, the first for its extreme delicacy of handling, the second for its vigorous and lively realism. After mentioning two audacious studies in the nude, Jerndorff's *Moses lifting up the Serpent in the Wilderness* (113), where the violent sunlight and purple shadow of the tent divide the body of a young girl that strains herself up to look at the serpent of brass, and Kristian Zahrtmann's cartoon of *Job and his Friends*, an astounding piece of realism and good draughtsmanship, to which the gold medal of the Academy has been awarded, there remains not very much that claims special attention from non-Danish students. But the exhibition, on the whole, must be pronounced a good one, even if Bloch's picture be put out of consideration. The Danish painters are certainly advancing in their ability to perceive and render colour.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

ART SALES.

At a sale in the Hôtel Drouot, April 27 and 28, the paintings fetched the following prices:—Molenaar, *Dutch Kermesse*, 3,300 fr.; Van der Neer, *The Yssel by Moonlight*, 11,000 fr.; Landscape by moon-light, same artist, 6,000 fr.; Netscher, *The Singing Lesson*, 13,200 fr.; Pynakker, Italian landscape, 5,700 fr.; Vlieger, *The Moerdijk*, 5,100 fr.; Verschuor, *The Meuse by Dordrecht*, 24,500 fr.; Guardi, *The Place of St. Mark*, 9,000 fr.; Bassano, *Portrait of Vesalius*, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, 1,900 fr. Among the modern paintings were—by Decamps, *Souvenir of Fontainebleau*, 2,980 fr.; Delacroix, *Lion devouring a Rabbit*, 35,200 fr. *Apartment of the Count de Mornay*, 4,200 fr., and *The Bride of Abydos*, 32,050 fr.; Diaz de la Pena, *Fontainebleau*, 32,700 fr., and *The Pack*, 1,920 fr.; Dupré, *The Hollow*, 17,000 fr., and *English Pasture*, 16,000 fr.; Fromentin, *Women of the Desert returning from fetching Water*, 4,150 fr.; Gérault, *Trumpeter of the*

Orleans Hussars, 6,560 fr.; Leys, Baron, *The Workshop of Rembrandt*, 1,100 fr.; Marilhat, *Caravan passing a Ford*, 9,600 fr.; and *The Caravan*, 7,150 fr.; Millet, *Return from the Fields*, 8,200 fr.; and *The Distaff*, 8,000 fr.; Regnault, *The Countess de Barck*, 33,560 fr.; Troyon, *Still Water*, 26,000 fr.; *The Cart*, 24,000 fr.; *The Norman Farm*, 7,100 fr.; *Souvenir of the Pyrenees*, 3,500 fr.; and *Cattle in a Wood*, 3,930 fr.; Ziem, *Venice*, 4,500 fr.

The sale of the works of Carpeaux realised 25,000 fr.: *The Neapolitan Fisherman* sold for 3,600 fr.; and *The Girl with the Shell*, 4,700 fr.

THE sale at Messrs. Christie's, on the 27th ult., consisted of a collection of old English furniture of the eighteenth century, formed by the late Mr. Morant, whose taste and judgment in all connected with art-furniture were most refined. Who would have thought, some years back, that the mahogany and satin-wood chairs and tables, discarded to the nurseries or the offices, should again reappear as the fashionable furniture of the day? The works in mahogany of Chippendale, Adam, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton, are all remarkable for fine bold carving, acanthus scrolls, and architectural mouldings, pierced and fretwork, put together in a workmanlike manner, and of well-seasoned materials. The prices obtained were as follows: Of Chippendale were—(Lot 2) A chimney-piece, with richly carved frieze of flowers, 43l.; (35) six chairs, 15l. 14s. 6d.; (36) a corner chair, 16l. 1s. 6d.; (37) a double chair, 18 gs.; (40) a table, 9 gs.; (51) another, with pierced gallery and channelled legs, 7l. 15s.; (57) a two-leaved screen, fret-cut panels, 20 gs.; (120) escritoire, 31 gs.; (121) another, 32 gs. Of Chippendale's looking-glass frames, so delicately modelled after the French style, with Vauxhall plates, there were only two small examples, 30 and 32, which sold for 8 gs. and 9½ gs. Heppelwhite's chairs, richly carved, with oval backs, sold (22) five for 14 gs.; (23) two for 7l. and (27) three of most exquisite design, 8l. 5s. Sheraton's mahogany chairs, shield-shaped and beautifully carved, sold—(22) five for 14 gs.; (23) two for 7l.; (25) eight for 21 gs., and (26) six for 25l. 14s. 6d. The beautiful satin-wood furniture, banded with tulip and other woods, for which Sheraton was famous, sold well. (9) A pair of satinwood and inlaid pole screens, 20l. 9s. 6d.; (128) a satinwood and mahogany escritoire, 40l.; (47) a Pembroke table, elaborately painted (for Cipriani, Angelica Kauffman, and the first artists used to paint the furniture in the eighteenth century), 17l. 6s. 6d. Many other pieces sold at equally high prices, and (147) the President's chair of the Cauliflower Club (a club of booksellers who held their meetings in the city), a fine specimen of Chippendale's workmanship, the back surmounted by a large cauliflower (13l.), closed this remarkable sale.

THE following pictures, the property of the late Mr. James Eden, of Fairlawn, Lytham, were sold on Saturday by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The prices are stated in guineas:—R. Ansdell, R.A., *A Highland Gilly-boy, with Deerhounds*, 125; *Disputed Prey*, 200; *The Wounded Deer*, 1,050; *Lytham Sand-hills*, 310; *Fallow Deer*, 240; *The Drover's Halt*, bought from the artist, 580; *The Gossips*, 700. T. S. Cooper, R.A., *A Scene in Dovedale*, 360; *A Sunny Landscape*, 420. T. Creswick, R.A., *On the Tees*, 200. W. Etty, R.A., *To Arms! to Arms! ye Brave!* 180. E. Frère, 1865, *Evening Prayer*, 310. W. P. Frith, R.A., *Dolly Varden*, 200; *A Scene from Woodstock*, 250; *Mary Aeneas*, 160. W. E. Frost, R.A., *Venus disarming Cupid*, 130. F. D. Hardy, *Early Risers*, 170; *Reading a Will*, 500; *The Afternoon Nap*, 200; *The Sweep*, 610; *The Broken Window*, 270. J. C. Hook, R.A., 1850, *The Escape of the Duke of Carrara*, 160. J. C. Horsley, R.A., 1853, *The Pet of the Common*, 440; J. Linnell, sen., *A Road Scene, with cattle at a pool*, 900; *Windsor Forest*, 500; *Sheep*, 960; *The Gleaner's Return*, 810; *Milking Time*, 1,105; *The Woodlands*, 800; *The*

Dairy Farm, 600; *The Last Glean before the Storm*, 2,500; *The Windmill*, 1,200. D. MacIac, R.A., 1854, *Prospero and Miranda* 140. J. Phillip, R.A., *A Spanish Countess*, 375; *The Scotch Baptism*, 1,755. P. F. Poole, R.A., *Fishermen's Treasures*, 550; *The Hawthorn Gatherers*, 660; *The Foster Brothers*, 520. T. Webster, R.A., *A Letter from the Colonies*, 600; *Spring*, 450; *Summer*, 510; *Autumn*, 290; *Winter*, 330. Henry Wallis, *The Room in which Shakspeare was born*, 101. R. Ansdell, R.A., *The Fight for the Standard*, 900.

At the same time there were sold, water colours, a different property:—P. de Wint, *Fiskerton, Notts*, 215; *A River Scene*, 130; David Cox, *The Proposal*, 190; *Kenilworth Castle*, 105; *Aston Hall, near Birmingham*, 105; *A Lamb bleating over a dying Ewe*, 170. G. A. Frupp, *A Scene in the Forest of Glenorchy*, 115. Pictures:—M. Whitter, *Landscape, with a waterfall*, 255; A. Vickers, *On the Banks of the Ravensbourne, Kent*, 185; W. Müller, *Gillingham, Summer Evening*, 290; J. Linnell, sen., *Across the Common*, 510, *The Last Glean*, 810; Copley Fielding, *A Classical Landscape*, 760; P. F. Poole, R.A., *A Girl at a Spring*, 150; Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., *A Calm*, 135; C. R. Leslie, R.A., *Charles II. and Lady Margaret Bellenden*, 130; E. W. Cooke, R.A., *Venice*, 145; W. Müller, *A Welsh Interior*, 98, *Coblenz*, 90; T. Creswick, R.A., *Norwood*, 96.

THE sale of the pictures in Mr. Barker's collection will take place at Christie's on Saturday, and of the articles of vertu on the first three days of next week. Among the pictures are examples of Signorelli, Pinturicchio, Botticelli, and Piero della Francesca of unique value, such as will probably seldom find their way into the market again.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. SOTHERBY advertise for sale, on the 9th and following day, a large collection of old Worcester porcelain of the highest quality; Chelsea vases with subjects after Boucher, and a turquoise and *ail-de-perdrix* tea-set, beautifully painted; Bow and Bristol figures; and what is most remarkable, a series of transfer-printed Liverpool tiles by Sadler, embellished with portraits in character of the most celebrated actors and actresses of the last century. A great portion of this collection has been received from a house in Ireland, where it has been preserved for upwards of a century. It will be on view on Saturday.

A SET of Sèvres vases in the coming Barker sale bids fair to rival those of Mr. Goding and Lord Coventry. They consist of five *bleu de roi*, white and gold, one pair nineteen inches high, the other fifteen, with fluted necks and wreaths of foliage in relief in gold. The centre vase is oval, and is ornamented with four medallions painted with female portraits in grisaille, on *bleu de roi* plinth, mounted in ormolu. Mr. Barker purchased them from the collection of M. Fould.

THE Duke of Devonshire has sent two fine additions to the magnificent collection of lace at the International Exhibition—a flounce and a square or coverlet of the raised Venetian or rose point, of exquisite workmanship. The flowing arabesques and graceful scroll-work, the pearly edges and star-decorated ties of this splendid lace are all admirably rendered, and place these specimens among the gems of the collection.

AN advertisement appeared in March in some of the London papers, inserted by Mr. H. W. Birtwhistle, of Halifax, giving information of very uncommon interest to the admirers of William Blake's genius. It supplied particulars which had never before appeared in detail concerning the artist's illustrations to Young's *Night Thoughts*, a work which was thus shown to be the most extensive illustrative labour of Blake's life—far the most so, at any rate, in point of number of designs. The notification ran as follows:—“Young's *Night Thoughts*, with the 537 original

coloured drawings by Blake. Two vols. 21 inches by 16, red morocco. The letterpress, 8½ by 6½ inches, occupies the centre of each page, and around each page is the drawing, enclosed in a ruled and coloured border. The drawings are clean, perfect, and the colours are bright and fresh as when first put on.” These precious folio volumes are at present deposited in the hands of Mr. Rimell, the bookseller, of 400 Oxford Street, where we were allowed the privilege of inspecting them. Some of the designs were engraved during the painter's lifetime, as all Blake experts remember; but the number of these was only forty-three, so that the vast majority of the water-colours are wholly new to the eye. As was constantly the case with Blake, the conception and invention of the subjects are grand and impressive, and often startling, while the execution is not seldom primitive or rapid, with bright but faint clear washes of tint. It is possible that in some instances the colouring may not be Blake's own; as to this, however, we cannot express any very confident opinion. Many of the designs, more especially those in which the element of horror is conspicuous, are exceedingly fine; and the whole forms one more truly extraordinary monument of Blake's productive genius and energy. The question of purchasing these volumes for the British Museum has been mooted: it should, we do not hesitate to say, be settled in the affirmative. To the nation which gave birth to the great idealist the book is worth any price which could or would be asked for it.

PROFESSORS CURTIUS and Alder have returned to Berlin, after having satisfactorily organised the course of operations to be pursued in the excavations at Olympia, for which the German Imperial Government have made a grant of 100,000 thalers. Professor Curtius has recently published in a separate form (*Ephesus*: Berlin, 1874) the result of his examination of the site of the temple of Diana, which he made known to the public immediately after his return from Asia Minor, in an address delivered to the Scientific Society of Berlin. The *Ephesus* of Professor Curtius is, however, something more than a mere reprint of a popular lecture, and besides supplying its readers with a comprehensive history of the Ephesian city in its important commercial and world-renowned religious relations, such as only a man of his learning and research could give, it is enriched by admirable lithographic plates of the ruins as they now present themselves to the eyes of the traveller, with a plan of the city, and an elaborate ideal scheme, by Professor Adler, of the great temple in its integrity.

WE have seen the complete catalogue of modern etchings, published by M. A. Cadart, of the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. He has just issued it. It contains many small illustrations to show what etching can do, but we doubt if, for this purpose, the selection has been entirely wise: there is, however, a pleasant *croquis* of a village in Burgundy, by Maxime Lalanne, and a study of a horse in a stable, by Veyrasat. These are men who have rarely done a bad etching. We have likewise glanced over *L'Album Cadart*, a publication to which M. Burty, an eminent art critic whose work has recently been seen in these pages, has supplied the text. The text does not concern itself with the particular prints or particular masters with which the present issue of the *Album* has to do. To have balanced one against the other would have been an invidious task, and M. Burty has probably done well to confine himself to a general sketch of the revival of the art of etching in France—the art of which Méryon has been in France the greatest modern master. The prints in the *Album* are exceedingly unequal. Two of the most elaborate, by M. Martial and M. Delaunay, represent respectively *La Rue Saint Eloi, Ancien Paris*, and *Le Pont Neuf*. Both appear to have been inspired by Méryon, and both are a very long way behind him. Lalanne's contribution is good, because in his simplest subject

there is always grace. Legros is less happy, though his fewest strokes are charged with meaning. The print of the Japanese dancer by De Nittis has *chic* in it, and M. Hédouin's figure-subject shows how the modern dress of Parisiennes may be treated successfully in art. M. O. de Rochebrune has a fine study in a great carved chimney-piece to be found in La Vendée, and his disposition of light and shade is good: better, we think, than his texture. The most delightful and impressive subject, though in technical qualities it is perhaps not very powerful, is M. Feyen-Perrin's etching of *Les Filles du Pêcheur*. The theme is found where M. Feyen-Perrin finds his best inspirations—in the *presqu'île de Batz*: a Breton peninsula of granite rocks and salt marshes and lonely farms with scanty sea-side pasture land. On Croisic pier and on the giant boulders of the *grande côte*, where the great western sea is suddenly deep, the artist is at home amongst the type of peasant and fisher-wife beauty which is of all its kind at once the most vigorous and pathetic—pathetic with a strange and weird pathos which M. Feyen-Perrin has thus far been alone in seizing.

M. FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, the successor to M. Beulé, late Archaeological Professor at the Collège de France, has written to the *Temps* on the subject of Dr. Schliemann's excavations. Comparing the antiquities now brought to light with similar objects found in Cyprus, Rhodes, and Santorin, he inclines to think that they cannot be ascribed to a period later than 1600 B.C. They belong, he would fain urge, to an older Troy than that of Homer; more probably to that city which tradition said was built by Phœbus and Poseidon and destroyed by Heracles; or perhaps to that still more ancient one founded by Dardanus. There is a strong resemblance between the copper arms of Hissarlik and weapons of the brazen age found in Denmark and the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland; while the earthen vases sculptured with women's breasts in relief have direct counterparts in some found in Pomerania and on the shores of the Baltic.

This fact corroborates a theory recently advanced by M. Bertrand, the learned keeper of the Saint-Germain Museum, before Dr. Schliemann's doings were heard of, that the civilisation of the brazen age had its origin in the north of Asia Minor among the Chalybean metal-workers. From thence, he contends, their manufactures were brought by eastern merchants along the route followed by the amber traders mentioned by Herodotus, past the Carpathian range, where to this day are found hoards of Greek coins, as far as the shores of the Baltic.

M. Lenormant concludes by expressing a sincere hope that Dr. Schliemann's treasures (which, though perhaps not Homeric, are still of priceless value) may be acquired by France.

A FORCIBLE article in the *Birmingham Daily Mail* of May 18 provokes attention to the question as to whether provincial museums should be aided by Government grants, or should be supported solely by the towns to which they belong. The writer points out that the South Kensington Museum was created wholly by means of grants raised by general taxation, and that if Londoners alone had been required to create it the chances are it would never have existed. This is perhaps true, but it is surely unfair to state that "the advantages arising from metropolitan museums have, until very recently, been enjoyed almost exclusively by whole 'wildernesses' of Cockneys, a comparatively limited number of country visitors only getting the 'lion's provider's' share thereof." For one Londoner who visits the Birmingham museums there would probably be ten Birmingham folk to visit the London ones.

Birmingham has long been conspicuous among manufacturing towns for its encouragement of the fine arts. Some of our best modern pictures have passed into its private collections, and its Free Art Gallery, built and maintained by the corporation, and opened every evening in the week, is an

institution of which it may well be proud. Aston Hall, also, is a museum of great interest, and that it is appreciated by the inhabitants of Birmingham is shown by the fact that 874,773 persons visited it and the Art Gallery last year. "All this," says the *Birmingham Mail*, "Birmingham has already done for herself, and more she is doing. . . . She has earnestly worked, subscribed freely corporately, and from private resources much help has been received; but Birmingham must be aided—her great claim to aid is what she has done already," on the principle that Governments should, like Providence, "help those who help themselves."

The special aid that Birmingham now requires is for the creation of a gun-makers' museum, the foundation of which is already laid by the purchase by the Wardens of the Proof House of a large collection of continental arms. How far this projected museum may be made serviceable for industrial purposes, and to what extent the scheme proposed for it can be carried out, must depend on the help it receives. As such a museum would be one of national importance, it seems only right that it should demand national support. A provincial art museum has generally only a local celebrity, but a museum of arms, a great war museum, such as France is instituting in the Invalides, would have a significance for all the world, and no fitter place could be found for it than Birmingham, which employs at the present day 19,000 of her artisans in the manufacture of guns.

THE thirty-three subjects executed by M. Baudry for the new Opera-house will be exhibited at the Beaux-Arts, from the coming month of August till the beginning of winter. They cover a space of five hundred square metres, and all bear on the arts of poetry, music, and dancing in their varied developments.

THE *Levant Herald* states that the Turkish legation at Athens has addressed a protest to the Hellenic Government against the judgment of the Greek tribunals, rejecting its application for the sequestration of the Trojan antiquities found on Turkish soil by Dr. Schliemann, and since conveyed by the discoverer to Greece.

It is stated that the latest result of the excavations at Rome is the discovery of a magnificent bust of Matidia, niece of Trajan, and mother of Sabina, wife of Hadrian, which is in a perfect state of preservation, and is to be placed in the museum of the Campidoglio palace.

THE Salon Commission, composed of four presidents of sections, eight jurors, and M. de Chennevières, president by right, met last week to award the Salon medals. The médaille d'honneur for painting was for a long time closely contested by M. Léon Gérôme and M. Corot. At the first drawing M. Gérôme obtained five votes, and M. Corot three; at the second and third drawings, they were equal; at the fourth, M. Gérôme five, to M. Corot's three; at the fifth again equal. The sixth, however, determined the battle by giving M. Gérôme a majority of seven, against three. M. Henner, M. Paul Laurens, and M. Matejko obtained a few votes. The Médaille d'honneur for sculpture was given almost unanimously, without balloting, to M. Antonin Mercié. He obtained twelve votes, to one given to M. Paul Dubois. Medals of the first class in painting were gained by MM. Blanchard, Lehoux, and Priou; second class—MM. Billet, Castres, Girard, Gosselin, Guillemet, Hennebicq, Lecadre, Leroux, Monchablon, Munkacsy, Gervex and Ponsan-Debat. In sculpture, the medals of the first class were gained by MM. Lafrance and Noël; second class—MM. Aubé, Caillé, Chrétien, Fourquet, Granet, and Lenoir.

THE Prix de Salon, a new award instituted by means of a ministerial decree on May 16, has not, according to the *Chronique*, been awarded this year on account of the opposition it provoked from members of the Institute. The Prix de Salon was founded to give a young artist of talent the means of studying in Italy for three years.

AN exhibition of the works of Maxime Lalanne is just open at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire in Paris.

A ROMAN aqueduct was laid bare the other day in the excavations for the railway works from Payerne to Freiburg. The aqueduct, which is built of cement, and still in perfect preservation, served to supply the old Aventicum (Avenches) with water from the small lake of Leodorf, in the canton of Freiburg. Another discovery of Roman remains in Switzerland was made in digging a cellar in a house at Solothurn, when the workmen came upon remains of Roman walls and the traces of a hypocaust, the floor of which, as far as the excavations have reached, has been destroyed, but which, according to all appearances, may have been covered with mosaics. Above this supposed floor lies a black stratum, a sure sign of destruction by fire, perhaps at the time of the incursions of the Alemanni. The building in question must have stood within the radius of the old Roman castrum. In the *débris*, among other remains, four Roman coins were found, of which one has since been abstracted. This coin dated from the year 18 B.C., and is said to contain the heads of Augustus and Agrippa, his son-in-law, and was from the mint of Nemansus (Nîmes). Another, of the time of Constantine the Great, A.D. 335, is very well preserved. It is from the Trèves mint. The two others date from the reign of the Emperors Gallienus (263 A.D.) and Marcus Claudius Tacitus (275 A.D.) respectively.

SOME labourers at work in the Via Alessandro Manzoni, at Milan, have discovered a quantity of Roman coins, in number about 250, of the third century, mostly of the Emperors Claudius II., Aurelian, Tacitus, and Probus, all in good preservation, the greater part of copper, the others plated with silver.

THERE are now in course of demolition in Paris, Rue St. Martin, to the left of the façade of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, several buildings raised on the grounds once possessed by the religious Benedictines of the Abbey of St. Martin des Champs. A thick wood formerly surrounded the Abbey at this spot, and from the most remote times the waters of Belleville and Mesnilmontant fed a fountain situated on the margin of this green wood. These waters were derived from some land owned by the monks, who, exercising municipal functions in the localities of their fief, had no difficulty in establishing means for bringing the water from the hills to the north of Paris down to head-quarters. This fountain—Fontaine du Vert-Bois—is to be preserved; it is one of the oldest fountains, perhaps the oldest, in Paris. As it is seen in the midst of the work of demolition, however, it does not date further back than the reign of Louis XIV. There certainly was at that spot, or very near it, an ancient fountain for the use of the Abbey, but the population of the Bourg, formed near the monastery, had no access to it. It was in 1712 that the Benedictines offered to the town a site sufficient for the construction of a public fountain. One of the conditions of the contract was that the fountain should be set up in an old tower of the convent, which had always been a boundary mark, and that a portion of the water should serve to supply the Abbey of St. Martin as the primitive fountain had done. The first stone of the new fountain was laid on August 12, 1712, by the authorities of the town. The tower was partly rebuilt at the same time, to facilitate the passage of the water from the Belleville aqueduct, but its general appearance was not altered. As for the fountain, it is not of any great value as a piece of architecture, being of course in the style prevalent at the date of its construction. The buildings now being pulled down also dated from the time of the inauguration of the public fountain of Vertbois, which fact indeed was very evident from their physiognomy. The old fountain, as stated above, is not to be demolished.

A LOAN exhibition of works of art on the plan of that held at Mechlin in 1864—with this difference, that paintings will not be excluded—is announced to be opened at Lille in what was until recently the Hôtel de la Préfecture du Nord in the Rue Royale. Many of the churches of the Département du Nord contain works of art but little known, while there is no part of France in which there are larger or finer private collections, most of the proprietors of which will contribute their choicest treasures. The exhibition will, it is said, only remain open for a month, as the building is about to be appropriated to other purposes.

THE municipality of Bruges have purchased, for 52,000 francs, the ancient Hotel de Gruuthuise, which has for the last 250 years served as the public pawnshop of the town. This fine building, in which Edward IV. resided for some weeks in 1471, will, after the necessary repairs have been executed, be occupied in part by the public library; in part as a picture-gallery, in which will be brought together the paintings now at the Academy and at the Hôtel de Ville; and in part by the interesting archaeological collections now in the Belfry Tower of the Halles.

DURING recent repairs in the church of Notre Dame at Bruges, a fine distemper painting of the middle of the fourteenth century has been brought to light in the south ambulatory of the choir. It represents a full-length figure of St. Louis, the ground being occupied by oak leaves and acorns. Four finely-carved mural monuments of the end of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century have also been discovered. Unfortunately nearly all the figures have been decapitated, probably by the Calvinists in 1580; but the beauty of their polychromatic decoration render them, even in their mutilated state, objects of great interest.

THE STAGE.

La Belle Paule. Par Louis Denayrouze.
(Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.)

THERE is not substance enough in *La Belle Paule*—the little one act comedy, or "fantaisie" in verse, produced a week or so ago at the Théâtre Français—for it to demand, for its own sake, serious notice; nor can it keep its place permanently on the French stage or in French literature, unless it is in due time supported by such other work of its author as shall cause him to be reckoned among the poets whose productions are not an accident, but a business of importance. But, at all events, *La Belle Paule* is extremely typical: it is slight, graceful, and finished. There are fifty somewhat cultivated young men in Paris who can do this sort of thing more or less well. Most of them are employed in offices, the work of which absorbs their prosaic moments; but now and again, when they have been reading De Musset or looking at Corot—admiring the green things of the spring, or a pathetic sunset, or somebody else's wife—there comes to them a transient gift of poetry. They are stirred a little, and they do not generally so far confuse this temporary sentiment or exaltation with an abiding inspiration, or a serious faculty of literary work, as to attempt great or laborious books, but forthwith deliver themselves with much delicate pains, so long as the gift is upon them, of verses which are read and praised to-day, and forgotten to-morrow. Or, the best of these remain a little longer in the memory: the Odéon, or the Théâtre Français, takes them: Delaunay, Bressant, Pierre Berton,

Sarah Bernhardt, interpret them, with fine taste and accomplished art. Of these things, *La Belle Paule* is perhaps a favourable specimen: a little more ingenious in construction than these things are wont to be: a little gayer: perhaps even a little more spontaneously tender; but, on the other hand, even slighter in its subject: a tiny gold lump, beaten very thin and carefully: a graceful tree, curiously barren.

"*La Belle Paule*" is an historical character. She was chosen to give to Francis the First the keys of her town of Toulouse. He bestowed upon her the flattering name by which she was thenceforth known. Catherine de Médicis, thirty years afterwards, went a long way round to see the famous beauty, and found the famous beauty still equal to her reputation. But that was in the autumn of her life. In its summer the townspeople had pressed upon her their admiration so much, that she declined to walk abroad; she could not do so without serious inconvenience, she said. The citizens differed from her. There was a turmoil round her doors, and the town council, judging it unreasonable the town should be deprived of the sight of her, ordered her husband to cause her to appear twice every week for an hour in the public promenade. She was more wondrous to behold, they said, than "the Church of Saint Sernin, or the Mill of Bazacle"—like these, she was a public monument, and must no more be hidden than these must be. There exists still a curious book, full of the praise of her, the work of a poor poet, who could not have his pleasure, and so was forced to write about it.

"*La Belle Paule*," it appears, was a very good young woman, and this little comedy, by M. Denayrouze, is a story of a quite innocent affection. Gaston de Ligniville's attitude of mind towards Paule, Comtesse de Beynaguet, is like that of Zanetto towards Sylvie, in M. Coppée's really exquisite poem of *Le Passant*. But the two women, Sylvie and Paule, are very differently placed. Paule's indifference passes at last only into a mildly pitying endurance of the presence of the youth who is sick of love; but Sylvie, endowed with too many a sad experience, sends Zanetto away for his own sake, and to her bitter regret; and it is this that strikes a chord of profound and moving pathos in the work of M. Coppée. Gaston, attired as a waiting-maid, has gained access to the secluded Paule—it is before the time at which the town council of Toulouse makes its famous and wise decree—and Paule, discovering his stratagem, is properly enraged, and it needs all the efforts of Claude Cazalis, an authority in Toulouse, and all the efforts too of Paule's friend, Gaston's cousin, to persuade her that the youth is but a simple youth, and that he is like to die if she will hide her face from him. And he himself pleads eloquently:—

"Avez-vous pu me croire à ce point orgueilleux
De prétendre occuper un instant vos pensées?
L'ai-je donc essayé, dans ces heures passées
Naguère à vos côtés? Non, mon bonheur secret
N'était pas exigeant, n'était pas indiscret:
Était-il criminel? Je ne saurais le croire.
Il est des biens que Dieu laisse à tous ici-bas:
La fraîcheur de la source où l'on ne peut pas boire,
Le parfum de la fleur que l'on ne cueille pas."

And now it strikes the husband, who is old and ugly (as a husband should be in sixteenth century romance), that his own appearance, as the escort of his wife, will be absurd. Odette, the waiting-maid, shall escort her, but dressed as a page. But Odette, the waiting-maid, is no other than Gaston, and it would fare ill with Gaston were the husband told of this. So Paule is merciful, and keeps him in ignorance, and the curtain falls on her gesture of consent that the boy shall be her cavalier, as she paces, twice a week, the promenade of Toulouse.

And so this thin thread of harmless intrigue is worked into the web, in all ways slight. It recalls a little the adventure of Cherubino with the Countess; but here, *bien entendu*, the secondary characters are not individualised. Where is even the shadow of the Barber?—where even the palest ghost of Suzanne? The secondary characters do but serve to work the light machinery of the piece. They are old stage friends, or rather friends so vague that we do not fully recognise them; but they deliver their smooth verses, and all goes well till the end. All goes well because so little is aimed at but elegance and grace, and these are reached indeed, with here and there a pleasant railleury to boot—Rabelais' frank mockery, weakened and restrained, one may say—and once and again the elegance becomes beauty, and the grace sympathetic and touching. We have quoted the second best thing in the work of M. Denayrouze: let us quote the best, and finish. It is a simile, and the speech is Gaston's:—

"Mon humble amour n'a pu beaucoup vous irriter,
Son hommage en effet n'eût pas osé monter,
Sans l'aide du hasard, jusqu'à la femme aimée.
Ainsi lorsque l'on suit du regard la fumée
Qui flotte, aux jours de fête, au-dessus de l'autel,
On la voit s'arrêter à mi-chemin du ciel:
L'offrande ne va pas si haut que la prière:
L'une se perd, tandis qu'invisible et légère
L'autre atteint—seule, hélas!—l'inaccessible azur."

There are shorter plays and plays by unknown men, that have struck deeper than this butterfly comedy. But we will not quarrel with it, or call it absolutely worthless. We will not read it often, but we will read it once—on a garden-seat, some empty day—and then it may be slipped indulgently between the leaves of the lightest work of De Musset.

It is better, however, to see it acted, as it is now acted at the Théâtre Français, where, in the part of the stripling who is taken with the love of the noble dame, Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has repeated her success of Zanetto in *Le Passant*—has continued, that is to say, the sort of success with which until very lately her name has been chiefly associated. Her newly-acquired range we spoke about in writing of *Le Sphinx*; and here it is not necessary to give more than a line or so to chronicle that appreciation by the artistic public—already excellently expressed by an eminent dramatic critic, M. Francisque Sarcey—of Mdlle. Bernhardt's impressive recitation. The most poetical lines, which we have quoted, are "sung" by her, as another critic has said, with a "chaude monotonie," of which she possesses the secret; and it is this secret which at her best moments holds an overflowing audience

in entire quietness from roof to floor. The acting itself has no monotony, for here monotony would be wholly out of place. It is full of modest wistfulness, relieved by a graceful stripling's gaiety. If Mdlle. Bernhardt played in English, she would be an excellent Imogen and an excellent Viola. The part of the "Belle Paule" is well enough sustained by Mdlle. Lloyd, as far as looks are concerned; and with this part it is evident that looks have much to do. The conception, too, of the character of the somewhat haughty and cool beauty is probably accurate, but greater delicacy and finish of execution—subtler expression, more impressive gesture—are undoubtedly to be desired. There is much humour in M. Thiron's representation of the old citizen who was determined that "La belle Paule" should walk abroad for all Toulouse to look at her. M. Martel's performance of Beynaguet is careful, of course—because it is at the Français—but many of those who see it feel that he has hardly seized the true type, and that the play suffers from his presenting us with another, however good that other may be.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MONSIEUR GOT IN "MERCADET," AND MR. IRVING IN "CHARLES THE FIRST."

Mercadet, le Faiseur, known to the English public through Mr. Charles Mathews's performance in *A Game of Speculation*, is as much Balzac's work in virtue of what it lacks as in virtue of what it contains. The only comedy of the great novelist which has succeeded in keeping its place upon the stage—the only piece indeed, save the drama of *La Marâtre*—it throws some light upon the question of the failure of the others: one sees in it what were the conditions Balzac recognised as necessary in work for the theatre, and what also were the generally necessary conditions which he ignored. In *Mercadet*, his one successful comedy, he ignored some common conditions even more completely than anywhere else; but he did it this once with impunity, and triumphed by an accident, or triumphed perhaps because in this comedy of *Mercadet* he made so exceptional and masterly a use of his own special qualities, that the absence of qualities generally necessary was for once overlooked. He did not seem to believe that for dramatic success you must have dramatic situations—he thought that with intellectual food of his own high kind, you could dispense altogether with the stimulus of emotion. And in *Mercadet* he was successful in dispensing with it. Besides, in *Mercadet* he did contrive dramatic situations for the hero upon whom he concentrated his force; or, at all events, these were contrived by the person who re-arranged the work for actual performance. Yet the interest is wholly in the analysis of character. You do not care about the man's fortunes, but about the recesses of his mind. And that is not commonly found to be the kind of interest which makes a modern theatrical success.

Not indeed that the work is altogether without the charm of imagination. Money was the great thing to excite the imagination of Balzac, especially in his last years—years only of middle-age—when he wrote *Mercadet*. An immense fortune rapidly acquired—the promised land of dabblers in finance—that is the one thing Balzac never possessed, and it had for him the charm of the unknown. In *Mercadet*, as in *Eugénie Grandet*, he lived in an atmosphere of millions: he revelled in the discussion of untold treasures. He delighted in much manoeuvring of money. You see that again and again in his work: in *Mercadet*, in *Eugénie Grandet*, in *Un Ménage de Garçon*, in *César Birotteau*.

And because he delighted in much manoeuvring of money he thought that he could make a comedy

out of the study of one man who manoeuvred money and those who were the possessors of money. And, as a *tour de force*, he succeeded. You do follow Mercadet in his schemes, his projects, his counter-projects, with an interest which comes very near to desire for his success; and in the infinity of resource which this one speculator exhibits there is opportunity, which Balzac of course seizes, for the display of many phases of his character; and there is opportunity too for the assembling round him of a group of more or less ingenious dupes as life-like as himself and as selfish, and above which he towers supreme in virtue of his easy subtlety. The subtlety is so complete that it imposes, or may well impose, upon those who see the comedy as well as upon those who take part in it. Of most stage-characters we can readily guess what will be their action in given circumstances. And of Mercadet we feel very sure that he will find some way out of every embarrassment that want of money may cause. That subtlety is made to succeed; and we watch, not *what* will happen, but *how* it will happen. But when Mercadet is at last successful—placed now, through the return of the once truant partner, beyond the danger of pressing creditors and threatening shareholders—and therefore easy not so much now in the possession of his ability as in the fact that there is no longer any crying need to employ it, then it is a matter of absolute uncertainty and curiosity to us how far he will keep his promise, made in days of adversity, to let his daughter marry the poor lover of her choice, who had offered all his little possessions and would have renounced everything for her. It is a matter of life-like uncertainty, I say, as to what will happen; but when the thing is decided—and decided so easily and fluently by Mercadet, as if there never could have been a question about it—then we feel half-ashamed of ourselves for having entertained a doubt. The decision is so absolutely natural, so absolutely true—and we, we have been blinded by the constant vision of stage rogues who are thorough-going, and of parents who never relent. Balzac knew better. This Mercadet would have sacrificed anything—even his daughter's happiness (nay, in his intention he had actually done so)—to the acquisition of a fortune. But, a fortune once in possession, why should he sacrifice his daughter's happiness to the acquisition of a second which he did not want? His daughter should, of course, have married the first rich man attainable, rather than that he should have been poor; but, once rich, she should marry the poor man of her choice; and she should be happy and he would be magnanimous. So having in truth a little good feeling, he *poses* to have a good deal; and we leave him as his child and her lover are blessing him for an amount of self-sacrifice he never intended, and as his shareholders are lauding him for a restitution it became convenient to make.

This is but a rough outline of one of the subtlest characters in all dramatic fiction. The part is full of words, sentences, ejaculations, each one of which is well nigh the revelation of the whole, as the skeleton may be known by its single bone. Mercadet does an honourable thing which was not precisely necessary. "C'était un bon mouvement," he says, rather happily; and then, at once, regretfully, "J'ai eu tort de le faire!" That is the phrase of a man who is human in spite of himself; who has wriggled, schemed and deceived so much, that he has come to think deception a virtue: all moral sense is undermined in him—he may yet do good upon impulse, but he can never do it upon principle.

The easy subtlety which is the foundation of the part; the absence of moral sense, or rather its entire decay; the presence of a self-satisfied temperament, fairly happy with this world as it is; a mind regarding the possession of a fortune as the one necessary thing in life, and the possession of a child's love as a very pretty and pleasant little luxury, *par dessus le marché*—all

this Monsieur Got seizes and interprets with a most consummate art. I do not think the performance a very striking one. All the details are worked into one harmonious whole, so that you do not notice very specially the perfection of any one. Like the best music-making, like the best designing, it is done so easily that it must be easy to do. And I suppose it is because of its entire and perfect harmony that it commends itself even more to French critics, who look at an *ensemble*, than to English audiences which search for details. And yet the English audience of Monday evening at the Princess's—a picked one, of course, and very different from that which troops together, sheep-like, to the semi-fashionable theatres—was an audience it must upon the whole have been satisfactory to satisfy. And M. Got did satisfy it from beginning to end, with his glib readiness, his inexhaustible resource, and his facial expression constantly changing, and in its changes often purposely concealing instead of revealing the thoughts that are passing through the speculator's mind. What a pleasure the man takes in his own mental agility!—Mercadet would hardly, until the end, when he wants rest, banish the difficulties the struggle with which (if anything so easy can be called a struggle) is his great *raison d'être*. And this activity, which is not restlessness, but only the result of the consciousness of his capacity, M. Got renders with untiring effort—that never seems to be effort at all. I have said, it is not a performance that moves: perhaps even, it may not strike you. But your appreciation of the theatre must be a narrow one if you do not recognise that here the value of the performance is in its truth—not in its momentary impressiveness. M. Got's predecessor brought out the lighter side of the character. M. Got is a more serious student; yet he is always a comedian. There is no passion in his performance: hardly any tenderness: no impulse: all calculated effect. It is not stimulating like wine, but as cool as flowing water. Very possibly it is not genius at all; it is without great moments and happy inspirations. But in its union of depth and ease it is *le dernier mot de l'art*.

Charles the First was revived on Monday at the Lyceum Theatre, and was received with great applause, which upon the whole it deserved. It is true that it wants continuity of interest—that it is a poetical chronicle, lacking strong dramatic situations—that the first act is tedious because nothing whatever happens in it, and the last tedious because we know only too well that which will happen at the end. And yet the first act is graceful, and the last is pathetic, and between them there are two which show more than these show the clash of effort, the cross purposes, the intrigue, the resource, necessary to almost all that is large in dramatic work. The language is chosen, and the poetry is often poetry in substance as well as in form. Indeed, the literary labour bestowed upon the piece is that of a scholar and artist in literature. There are many passages that would stand well the test of being read in the study, and these are damaged rather than bettered by their association with the footlights; though, of course, when it is Mr. Irving who recites them they gain as much as they lose. That there is inequality in the dialogue is to be denied, and when Mr. Wills's muse deserts him he once or twice has recourse to rather commonplace English of our day, and not to that "cavalier-slang" which Coleridge found in South, though not in Barrow. Also, his work lacks the local colour of Mr. Browning's Cavalier Tunes. It is at once a praise and a blame to say that his poetry is not poetry of the period—it has beauties which are independent and lasting.

The piece gains greatly, in the present revival, by Mr. Clayton's performance of Cromwell. Not but that Mr. Belmore, who used to play the part, is a clever actor: only his Cromwell happened to be a clever actor's mistake. Mr. Wills himself has gone far enough from Carlyle to be able to dispense

with the assistance of his interpreter's progress in the same direction. Mr. Belmore gave us a striking stage figure, accentuating one side of Mr. Wills's picture, and thus exaggerating or distorting it. Mr. Clayton gives earnestness and reality to what there is of humane in Mr. Wills's picture, and thus, though no acting can get over the difficulty presented in the second act of the play (where Cromwell, despite his protestations, is too obviously venal), he does upon the whole suggest an impression which is probably not much less true than history is. A slighter change in the representation is a disadvantage rather than an advantage. Ireton now interrupts the king so civilly—at all events so seriously and earnestly—that there remains no force in the king's surprised enquiry, "Who is this rude gentleman?"

Mr. Irving's performance of Charles the First, though always picturesque and often forcible, is not the finest of his parts. It is free from the grave fault of exaggeration which is seen amidst all the merits of Richelieu and Mathias; the performance is not, and cannot be, in so high a key as these, and there are times when this is a gain. On the other hand, there are fewer moments than in the performance of Richelieu and Mathias at which you feel yourself in the presence of an actor *hors ligne*—an artist whose work is not so much a profession as a vocation. Yet of course, as Charles the First, Mr. Irving does many things that are worth remembering—is happily passionate and finely scornful and apparently self-abandoned a moment after he has shown the inequality of his art by seeming a little stagey, or shown its insufficiency by habits of gesture and movement perhaps too often repeated; by want of variety, in fine, in little things—we know well enough that he can be varied in great ones. Notice the recital of the ballad of "King Lear" for attitude, expression, and intonation subtly true; and notice the fine dignity with which in the second act, as he stands with his back to the chimney piece in the Whitehall cabinet, he ignores the presence of Cromwell. The King has suffered enough, and has told Cromwell that their interview has ended; and, though Cromwell does not withdraw, it is the same thing to the monarch, whose thoughts are now on other matters, and who has quite done with the task which he had set himself. In the third act, the whole bearing of Charles to Moray is fine and genuine: best of all is the reserve and high tranquillity maintained while he is speaking his last words to the traitor who has owed him much, and speaking them with a sober pity, scarcely conscious that it is also contempt. And in the fourth act, where, as elsewhere, the romantic and chivalrous attention to his wife is beset somewhat too much with circumstance to be as impressive as it is probably true, there is impressiveness as well as truth in every phrase and action addressed to his children, and it is seen how, with words which they believe to be only for their encouragement, it is really himself that he is nerving and fortifying.

And if Mr. Irving is not, as has been above implied, completely master of the whole wide language of gesture—though master indeed of some of its best eloquence—Miss Isabel Bateman is at a much earlier stage: she is like a traveller with sufficient entrance into a tongue to express the common wants, but failing just where the thing to be expressed is a thing of higher interest. Moments of quiet pathos don't always need to be illustrated by gesture at all; and that is why the quiet pathos of the last scene with the children is the best thing Miss Bateman does. Here her voice and facial expression, and the genuine feeling which one believes to be unconsciously aiding them, stand her in good stead. In stronger moments, which are meant to be more charged with excitement, even the voice goes wrong. Rushing into the presence of her lord, when Cromwell is threatening him, she shouts her signal, "God save the King!" not as if the troops she is summoning

were in a neighbouring chamber, but as if at the very least they were on the other side of the Mall. And while thus shouting, she brandishes her arm as if it held a sword, and as if, instead of being the Queen, calling upon followers whose presence is known and whose force is almost superfluous, she were Joan of Arc or Bertrand du Guesclin leading a forlorn hope. And this too is done with a self-consciousness of stage-effect, which in her pathetic passages Miss Bateman is fortunate enough to wholly lose. The actress is young, and has often to cope with parts which would tax severely an artist of a dozen years' practice. The intelligence she shows in everyday scenes—notably in *Philip*—and the sincerity of her pathos in *Charles the First*, allow one to believe that success in the stronger moments of *drame* may one day be within her reach. But, if one is to speak with the frankness without which criticism is valueless, that day has not yet arrived.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE stage-work now presented at the Princess's Theatre is chiefly stage-work of a good many years ago, thanks to the watchful care with which the Lord Chamberlain's department guards us from most of the artistic literature of the day. Mme. Pasca appeared in *La Fiammina* on Thursday night; too late to allow of a long notice appearing in these columns. Mme. Pasca comes to us with some reputation made in Paris, and a greater one made in St. Petersburg. The actress, as we may possibly have occasion to point out in greater detail, is an artist of certain definite good qualities which happen to be well nigh as rare on the French as on the English stage. These have helped her in her career, and have even enabled her to dispense—not of course without great disadvantage—with other qualities which are possessed to the full by the three actresses just now in popular esteem at the head of the profession in Paris. Mme. Pasca took to the stage when she was no longer a girl. To some extent her experience of society made up for her lack of early and regular training. It did not do so altogether. Yet the training itself, which she did get, is by no means to be despised, for it was first given her by Delsarte—an old man of genius and of eccentricity—and then by her manager, at the Gymnase, M. Montigny, a man of immense experience, and of infinite pains.

ONE or two of the smaller theatrical events of Whitsuntide we did not notice last week. At the Vaudeville Theatre, Mr. Burnand has furnished a burlesque called *Here's Another Guy Mannerling*—a title mildly indicative of animal spirits, which, indeed, are not wholly wanting to the performance in which Messrs. James and Thorne, and the Misses Kate Bishop, Marie Rhodes, Lizzie Russell, N. Walters, and Richards take part. A detachment of the Gaiety company, reinforced by Mlle. Cornélie d'Anka, plays, at the Globe Theatre, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the popular airs of which are now whistled, more or less badly, by every errand-boy in every street in Europe. And after this test the music remains attractive.

At the Strand Theatre, they play *Nemesis* again, —a bright piece, done as brightly as ever.

M. REGNIER, who, until rather lately, was the leader of the Comédie Française, from which, in the height of his talent, he withdrew, now directs the rehearsals of the company—a task for which his judgment and fine taste eminently fit him.

OWING to pressure on our space, we defer our notes of the theatrical events of the last few days in Paris.

THE Berlin theatrical critics speak with enthusiasm of the marvellous histrionic power that they say has been manifested by an Italian gentleman, named Gaetano Campo, for some years a resident at Berlin. Signor Campo began life as a clerk in the Finance Office of Naples. Weary of the monotony of desk work, young Campo left Naples, and took up the profession of a violin

player at concerts, visiting in the course of his musical campaign various capitals of Europe, until at length he found himself a few years since at Berlin. There, in consequence of an injury to one of his fingers, he was forced to adopt the teaching of languages as a means of living. From this occupation he was rescued by the discovery of his great dramatic power, for which discovery he was indebted to the quick appreciation of the Berlin actress Frau Waller. At the suggestion of this lady he devoted himself to the study of the art, and so complete has been his success that the Shakespeare representations, which he has given at Berlin during the last winter, without decorations or other adjuncts, and entirely by himself, have elicited warm commendations from all who have been admitted to them, and we read that the opinion seems general among the theatrical connoisseurs of Berlin, that Signor Campo is destined to take his place as one of the best actors of our day.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER's dramatic cantata *Fridolin*, composed for last year's Birmingham Musical Festival, was performed at the Crystal Palace Summer Concert on Saturday last. The subject of the cantata is taken from Schiller's poem "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," and the libretto has been compiled with great skill by Madame Rudersdorff. The music is written with thorough knowledge of dramatic effect, and complete mastery both of vocal and instrumental resources; and the applause with which each number was received, as well as the sustained interest in a work lasting somewhat over two hours in performance, bore well-merited tribute to its excellence. The bright and sparkling hunting-chorus was encored; and an attempt was made to obtain a repetition of some of the other numbers, to which the composer, who conducted the performance of his own work, wisely declined to accede. The principal parts were sustained by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, and Signor Foli—the same singers who took part in the work at its first performance. The choruses were exceedingly well sung by the members of the St. Thomas's Choral Society and the Brixton Choral Society, and Signor Randegger showed himself no less experienced as a conductor than as a composer. It would be untrue to say that *Fridolin* shows the highest order of original genius; but it is a work displaying indisputable talent, and of sufficient attractiveness to render it probable that it will keep its place in our concert programmes.

THE last Philharmonic Concert, on Monday evening, differed from several of those which have preceded it, in bringing forward no special novelty either as regards performers or music. A mere record of the programme will therefore suffice. The symphonies were Haydn's "Surprise," and Beethoven in C minor. Mr. Macfarren's overture to *St. John the Baptist* was also given. Mr. Alfred Jaell, to whose excellent pianoforte playing London concert-goers are no strangers, brought forward Beethoven's first concerto (in C major), and Schumann's Concert-Stück for piano and orchestra; and Miss Blanche Cole and Mr. Edward Lloyd were the vocalists.

THE number of concerts, now that the season is at its height, increases so rapidly—our "engagement" list for this week giving no less than four for to-day—that anything like keeping pace with them is simply impossible. For this reason we must mention more briefly than it deserves Mlle. Krebs's first piano Recital, which took place last Thursday week at St. James's Hall. We spoke of this young lady recently on her appearance at the Philharmonic concert. On the occasion of her recital she showed herself alike a mistress of all styles. Her rendering of the opening piece—Beethoven's Sonata, commonly called "Appassionata"—was equally perfect from a mechanical

and intellectual point of view, while, in a totally different style, her performance of Rubinstein's "Etude Infernale" (of which the composer is reported to have said, "I did not write it for any artist but myself; nor do I think that any one will ever attempt to play it") was a wonderful display of *bravura* playing. The composers whose names were included in the programme were Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Rameau, F. Hiller, Scarlatti, Chopin, H. Seeling, Weber, Liszt, and Rubinstein. The applause after each number was most enthusiastic. Mdlle. Krebs's second Recital takes place next Thursday afternoon, when the programme will be fully equal to the previous one.

M. ALPHONSE DUVERNOY gave the first of two piano recitals at the Hanover Square Rooms yesterday week. As we were unable to attend, we must content ourselves with saying that the programme comprised selections from Mozart, Mendelssohn, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Duvernoy, Weber, Schubert, Chopin and Liszt.

FOLLOWING upon the recent appearance of the Swedish Ladies' Quartett, we have now to record the first performance in London of "The Scandinavian Vocalists"—eight ladies from St. Petersburg—which took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday. Their admirably finished part-singing in various national melodies, Russian, Swedish, and Danish, as well as a vocal arrangement of two of Strauss's waltzes, was worthy of all praise; and there can be little doubt that as their performances become better known they will be exceedingly popular.

THE concerts which Anton Rubinstein gave last month in St. Petersburg and Moscow—two in each city—yielded the enormous sum of 23,000 roubles silver. One of each of the two concerts was for a charitable object.

HENRI HERZ, whose health has for some time been failing, has resigned his professorship at the Paris Conservatoire, which he has held since the year 1842, and Madame Massart has been appointed his successor.

M. ARBAN, the celebrated performer on the cornet-à-piston, has also resigned his professorship in the same Conservatoire, in consequence of his being refused leave of absence for a journey to St. Petersburg. M. Maury is named as likely to succeed him.

AN interesting contest for precedence is attached to the recent performance of Verdi's new opera *Aida* at Vienna, which has only been made public since the performance. After the wearisome negotiations with the publisher of Verdi's operas (Ricordi, of Milan), which he prolonged to the utmost, had been concluded, the Italian came to the directors of the Opera with a new condition. He required that they should sign an undertaking not to bring out *Aida* till after its first performance at Berlin. Herr Herbeck, the conductor of the Opera, declared that sooner than agree to such a condition he would decline altogether to produce the work. The publisher, Ricordi, was in no small perplexity; for he had already concluded an agreement with Berlin, giving the Opera of that city the priority of performance of the opera, and resigning all right to payment if the work were produced first at Vienna. But as he also wished not to lose his "tantièmes" at Vienna, he signed the agreement with the Opera of that city also, and trusted to his craft to get him out of his dilemma. The means he adopted were very simple. While he had in January already sent the score of the opera to Berlin, he deferred sending one to Vienna till the end of February. Herbeck was highly indignant, and, being resolved if possible to punish the publisher, made every exertion to produce the opera at Vienna before its performance could take place at Berlin. Unfortunately for him, however, two of the principal singers, Frau Wilt and Herr Müller, fell ill, and the opera was after all produced in

Vienna just two days after the first performance had taken place in Berlin.

It is announced that a school of music is to be established by order of the Imperial German Government at Düsseldorf in connexion with the local school of painting.

THE programme of the musical festival to be held at Munich in August has already been published. Among other pieces by native composers, a motett by Orlando Lasso, and the *Macte Imperator* of Franz Lachner will be given. Handel will be represented by the "Bacchus Chorus" in *Alexander's Feast*; Beethoven, by a piece from *King Stephen*; Mozart, by the song "O Isis and Osiris;" and Mendelssohn, by a chorus from the *Antigone*.

THIS year's musical festival at Cologne is reported to have been the most brilliant on record among the fifty-one celebrations which it has already held. On the first evening, May 24, Handel's *Samson Agonistes* was given with unparalleled success both in the solo and choral parts. The King of the Belgians has presented the Cross of the Leopold order, with an expression of his admiration, to the talented director, Ferdinand Hiller, while a laurel wreath was proffered to Johan Brahms, at the close of the first evening's performance, in the name of the entire company, by one of the ladies who had taken part in the choruses. The festival concluded, on the evening of May 26, with Hiller's *Destruction of Jerusalem*, and selections from Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, and so unanimous are the musical critics of Cologne in their commendation of the admirable finish and perfection with which the several performers acquitted themselves, that it seems almost invidious to single out Herr Joseph Joachim and his wife as having earned an exceptional tribute of admiration.

It was for a long time unknown where the remains of the celebrated composer, Donizetti, were buried, but his tomb has recently been discovered at Bergamo, in Italy, and the remains were deposited, in the presence of the Municipal Council of Bergamo, in a bronze sarcophagus in the church of St. Marie Majeure, Bergamo.

A CURIOUS discovery has just been made in Italy by M. Avrigotti, a young musician, who has arrived in Paris with his prize. It is an unpublished score by Cimarosa, entitled *Margherita di Vicenza*. It was in a Carmelite convent at Florence that the finder hit on it one day in turning over some old papers. He obtained the manuscript without any difficulty, and has presented it to the Paris Conservatoire, where he is pursuing his studies.

POSTSCRIPT.

DR. MAX JORDAN, whose name is well-known in art literature, has been made Director of the Berlin National Gallery. For many years Dr. Jordan has occupied the position of Director of the Museum of Leipzig, and has taught in the University of that city.

A NEW Salle has just been opened in the Louvre for ancient American curiosities. In the glass cases that line the walls is placed a considerable collection of pottery, idols, vases, and other objects, which gives a good idea of the artistic knowledge of the races that inhabited America before its discovery by Columbus. Many of the idols are carved in stone and marble, and resemble in their types the well-known Egyptian divinities. The most remarkable object of the collection is an immense zodiac of about twelve metres in circumference, cut in a kind of black marble, and absolutely covered with grotesque signs and inscriptions. All these treasures, it appears, have been for a long time stowed away in the magazines of the Louvre, but until the recent stir about the management of that museum no one seems to have thought of exhibiting them.

WE are glad to find that the proposal for the rebuilding of Heidelberg Castle is discounted by Herr Baurath Essenwein. In the *Anzeiger für Kunde der deutschen Vorzeit* he says, "If modern wants, and modern modes of living are different from what they were in olden times, then build modern castles as many as are needed; build one even in Heidelberg if necessary, but leave the historical and artistic parts of Heidelberg Castle alone, or limit all work upon them to their preservation." Restoration even in Heidelberg Castle would take away a great part of its charm, a charm that depends so much upon its picturesque decay, for the building itself has not much architectural beauty.

THE great work on Michael Angelo, which is promised for his fourth centenary, in March, 1875, and which, it is said, will contain 700 letters of the great artist, besides more than 1,000 letters and writings of various kinds by his contemporaries, will be published, we hear, simultaneously in three languages—Italian, German, and French. Why not in English?

VICTOR HUGO, it seems, is exiled in France even from the domains of art. M. Garnier, an artist of too much talent to be overlooked, sent to the Salon a picture representing a scene from *Le Roi's Amuse*. The jury somewhat reluctantly accepted it, but orders from Government were sent to the hanging committee to hang this little picture, which is of cabinet size, as high as possible. M. Garnier protested in vain. His picture of "Le père des lettres" smiling amiably on two ladies of his court remains where it cannot possibly be seen by the naked eye. "Pas de roi qui s'amuse—au Salon!" says a French critic.

THE decorative works in the interior of the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur (one of M. de Chennevière's projects) have been confided as follows: the great cupola to M. Maillot, the small cupola to M. Jules Laurens, the Salon des Muses to M. Ehrman, the salle-à-manger to M. Bin, the Salon de l'Aurore to M. Rasnier, and the paintings on the doors to a lady, M^{me}. Escalier.

THE *Allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon* has positively in its eighteenth number reached the letter B! It has taken four years to do so, and has apparently so exhausted its editor, Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt, that at B he gives up his task in despair to Herr Hermann Lücke.

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